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OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

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VOLUME the VII. VIII. and IX.

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*Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus
ipsum est.*

PLIN. Lib. V. Ep. VI.

V O L. VII.

Tristram Shandy. Vol. VII. A

THE
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VOL. VII.

Tristram Shandy, Vol. VII.

THE
LIFE and OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

NO—I think, I said I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worse than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place—(but where, I can't recollect now) speaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down cross-wise upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I swore it should be kept a-going at that rate these forty years, if it pleased but the fountain of life to bless me so long with health and good spirits.

Now as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick, and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations) that on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back: in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with sable, or with a sickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himself knocked at my door—ye bad him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission—

“There must certainly be some mistake in this matter,” quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worse, than to be interrupted in a story—and as I was that moment telling Eugenius a most tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herself a shell-fish, and of a monk damn'd for eating a

muscle, and was shewing him the grounds and justice of the procedure—

“—Did ever so grave a personage get into so vile a scrape?” quoth Death. Thou hast had a narrow escape, Tristram, said Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finished my story—

But there is no *living*, Eugenius, replied I, at this rate; for as this *son of a whore* has found out my lodgings—

—You call him rightly, said Eugenius, —for by sin, we are told, he entered the world—I care not which way he enter’d, quoth I, provided he be not in such a hurry to take me out with him — for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thousand things to say and do, which nobody in the world will say and do for me, except thyself; and as thou seest he has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could scarce hear me speak across the table) and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I no better, whilst these few scattered spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to support me—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life? ’Tis my advice.

my dear Tristram, said Eugenius — —
Then by Heaven! I will lead him a dance
he little thinks of—for I will gallop, quoth
I, without looking once behind me, to
the banks of the Garonne; and if I hear
him clattering at my heels—I'll scamper
away to mount Vesuvius—from thence to
Joppa, and from Joppa to the world's end,
where, if he follows me, I pray God he
may break his neck—

—He runs more risk there, said Eugenius, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought
blood into the cheek from whence it had
been for some months banished—'twas a
vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me
to my chaise—*Allons!* said I; the post-boy
gave a crack with his whip—off I went
like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds
got into Dover.

C H A P. II.

NOW hang it, quoth I, as I looked
towards the French coast—a man should
know something of his own country too,
before he goes abroad—and I never gave

a peep into Rochester church, or took notice of the dock of Chatham, or visited St. Thomas at Canterbury, though they all there laid in my way— —

—But mine, indeed, is a particular case— —

So without arguing the matter further with Thomas o' Becket, or any one else—I skipped into the boat, and in five minutes we got under sail, and scudded away like the wind.

Pray captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by *Death* on this passage?

Why, there is not time for a man to be sick in it, replied he—What a cursed liar! for I am as sick as a horse, quoth I, already—what a brain!—upside down!—hey-day! the cells are broke loose one into another, and the blood and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fixed and volatile salts, are all jumbled into one mass—good g—! every thing turns round in it like a thousand whirlpools—I'd give a shilling to know if I shan't write the clearer for it.— —

Sick! sick! sick! sick!

—When shall we get to land, captain? they have hearts like stones—O, I am deadly sick!—reach me that thing, boy — —'tis the most discomfiting sickness—I wish I was at the bottom — —Madam! how is it with you? Undone! undone! un— — O! undone! Sir—What the first time?—No, 'tis the second, third, sixth, tenth time, Sir,—hey-dey—what a trampling over-head! holla! cabin-boy! what's the matter—

The wind chopp'd about! s'Death!—then I shall meet him full in the face.

What luck!—'tis chopped about again, master—O the devil, chop it—

Captain, quoth she, for heaven's sake let us get ashore.

C H A P. III.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in a haste, that there are three distinct roads between Calais and Paris, in behalf of which, there is so much to be said by the several deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is easily lost in settling which you'll take.

First the road by Lifle and Arras, which is the most about—but most interesting and instructing.

The second, that by Amiens, which you may go, if you would see Chantilly.—

And that by Beauvais, which you may go, if you will.

For this reason a great many choose to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

“NOW before I quit Calais,” a travel-writer would say, “It would not be amiss to give some account of it.”—Now I think it very much amiss—that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he must be turning about and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely, o’ my conscience, for the sake of drawing it; because, if we may judge from what has been wrote of these things, by all who have *wrote and gallop’d*—or who have *gallop’d and wrote*, which is a different way still; or who, for more

expedition than the rest, have *wrote galloping*, which is the way I do at present—from the great Addison, who did it with his satchel of school-books hanging at his a—, and galling his beast's crupper at every stroke—there is not a galloper of us all who might not have gone on ambulating quietly in his own ground (in case he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry-shod, as well as not.

For my own part, as Heaven is my judge, and to which I shall ever make my last appeal——I know no more of Calais, (except the little my barber told me of it, as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Cairo; for it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I set out, and yet by merely knowing what it was, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by spelling and putting this or that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with so distinct and satisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a stranger's curiosity in the

town—that you would take me for the town-clerk of Calais itself,—and where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I—town-clerk of Abdera? and was not I forget his name, who had more discretion than us both, town-clerk of Ephesus?—It should be penn'd moreover, Sir, with so much knowledge and good sense, and truth, and precision—

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

C H A P. V.

CALAIS, Calatium, Calusium, Calesium.

This town, if we may trust its archives, the authority of which I see no reason to call in question, in this place—was *once* no more than a small village belonging to one of the first Counts de Guines; and as it boasts at present of no less than fourteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of four hundred and twenty distinct families in the *basse ville*, or suburbs—it must have grown up by little and little, I suppose, to its present size.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking exact dimensions, but it is pretty easy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em—for as there are fourteen thousand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it must be considerably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—it is built in form of a cross, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the steeple, which has a spire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and stands upon four pillars elegant and light enough, but sufficiently strong at the same time—it is decorated with eleven altars, most of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a master-piece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near sixty feet high—had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount Calvary itself—therefore, I suppose it must be high enough in all conscience.

There was nothing struck me more than the great Square; though I cannot say 'tis either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and most of the

streets, especially those in that quarter, all terminate in it; could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it seems there cannot, as such an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this square,—not that it is properly a square,—because 'tis forty feet longer from east to west, than from north to south; so that the French in general have more reason on their side in calling them Places than Squares, which, strictly speaking, to be sure they are not.

The town-house seems to be but a sorry building, and not to be kept in the best repair, otherwise it had been a second great ornament to this place; it answers however its destination, and serves very well for the reception of the magistrates, who assemble in it from time to time; so that 'tis presumable justice is regularly distributed.

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the Courgain; 'tis a distinct quarter of the town, inhabited solely by sailors and fishermen; it consists

of a number of small freets, neatly built, and mostly of brick; 'tis extremely populous; but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet,—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller might see it to satisfy himself—he must not omit, however, taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account; 'tis so called from its particular destination, because in war it serves to discover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by sea or land;—but 'tis monstrous high, and catches the eye so continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a singular disappointment to me, that I could not have permission to take an exact survey of the fortifications, which are the strongest in the world, and which, from first to last, that is, from the time they were set about by Philip of France, Count of Boulogne, to the present war, wherein many reparations were made, have cost (as I learned afterwards from an engineer in Gascony)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable that at the *Tête de Gravelines*, and where

the town is naturally the weakest, they have expended the most money; so that the out-works stretch a great way into the campaign, and consequently occupy a large tract of ground.—However, after all that is said and done, it must be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account so considerable from itself, as from its situation, and that easy entrance which it gave our ancestors upon all occasions into France: it was not without its inconveniences also; being no less troublesome to the English in those times, than Dunkirk has been to us in ours: so that it was deservedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reason that there have arisen so many contentions who should keep it: of these, the siege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was shut up both by land and sea) was the most memorable, as it withstood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at last but by famine and extreme misery; the gallantry of Eustace de St. Pierre, who first offered himself a victim for his fellow-citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes. As it will

not take up above fifty pages, it would be injustice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantic transaction, as well as of the siege itself, in Rapin's own words.

CH A P. VI.

—BUT courage! gentle reader!—I scorn it—'tis enough to have thee in my power—but to make use of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much—No—! by that all powerful fire which warms the visionary brain, and lights the spirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpless creature upon this hard service, and make thee pay, poor soul! for fifty pages which I have no right to sell thee,—naked as I am, I would browse upon the mountains, and smile that the north wind brought me neither my tent or my supper.

—So put on, my brave boy! and make the best of thy way to Boulogne.

C H A P. VII.

—BOULOGNE!—hah!—so we are all got together—debtors and finners before heaven; a jolly set of us—but I can't stay and quaff it off with you—I'm pursued myself like a hundred devils, and shall be overtaken before I can well change horses:—for heaven's sake, make haste—'Tis for high treason, quoth a very little man, whispering as low as he could to a very tall man that stood next him—Or else for murder; quoth the tall man—Well thrown *Size-Ace*! quoth I. No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing.—

Ah! *ma chere fille*! said I, as she tripp'd by, from her matins—you look as rosy as the morning (for the sun was rising, and it made the compliment the more gracious)—No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth—(she made a curt'sy to me—I kiss'd my hand) 'tis debt; continued he. 'Tis certainly for debt, quoth a fifth; I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth *Ace*, for a thousand pounds: Nor would I, quoth *Size*, for six times the sum—Well

thrown, *Size-Ace*, again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of NATURE, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her—How can you be so hard-hearted, MADAM, to arrest a poor traveller going along without molestation to any one, upon his lawful occasions? Do stop that death-looking, long-striding scoundrel of a scare-finner, who is posting after me—he never would have followed me but for you—if it be but for a stage or two, just to give me start of him, I beseech you, Madam.—Do, dear lady.—

—Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine Irish host, that all this good courtship should be lost; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.—

—Simpleton! quoth I.

So you have nothing *else* in Boulogne worth seeing?

By Jafus! there is the finest SEMINARY for the HUMANITIES—

—There cannot be a finer; quoth I.

C H A P. VIII.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let it be made of what stuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the disappointment of his soul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "*the most haste, the worst speed*," was all the reflection I made upon the affair, the first time it happen'd;—the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times, and accordingly blamed only the second, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befall me from the fifth, to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words:

That something is always wrong in a French post-chaise upon first setting out.

Or the proposition may stand thus:

A French postillion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?—Diable!—a rope's broke!—a knot has split!—a staple's drawn!—a bolt's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.—

Now true as all this is, I never think myself impower'd to excommunicate there-upon either the post-chaise, or its driver—nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living G—, I would rather go a-foot ten thousand times—or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another—but I take the matter coolly before me, and consider, that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—so I never chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on:—Do so, my lad! said I; he had lost five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread which he had cramm'd into the chaise-pocket, and was remounted and going leisurely on, to relish it the bet-

ter—Get on, my lad, said I, briskly—
but in the most persuasive tone imaginable,
for I jingled a four-and-twenty sous piece
against the glass, taking care to hold the
flat side towards him, as he looked back:
the dog grinn'd intelligence from his right
ear to his left, and behind his sooty muzzle
discover'd such a pearly row of teeth, that
Sovereignty would have pawn'd her jewels
for them.—

Just Heaven! { What masticators!—
 { What bread!

and so, as he finish'd the last mouthful of
it, we enter'd the town of Montreuil.

CHAP. IX.

THERE is not a town in all France,
which in my opinion looks better in the
map than MONTREUIL;—I own, it does
not look so well in the book of post-roads;
but when you come to see it—to be sure
it looks most pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at
present very handsome; and that is the
innkeeper's daughter. She has been eigh-
teen months at Amiens, and six at Paris,

in going through her classes; so knits, and sews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.—

—A slut! in running them over within these five minutes that I have stood looking at her, she has let fall at least a dozen loops in a white thread stocking—Yes, yes—I see, you cunning gipsy!—’tis long, and taper,—you need not pin it to your knee—and that ’tis your own—and fits you exactly.—

—That Nature should have told this creature a word about a *statue’s thumb*!—

—But as this sample is worth all their thumbs—besides, I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain, if they can be any guide to me—and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) stands so well for a drawing—may I never draw more, or rather may I draw like a draught-horse, by main-strength all the days of my life—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil, as if I had her in the wettest drapery.—

—But your worships choose rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great parish church,

or a drawing of the façade of the abbey of Saint Austreberte, which has been transported from Artois hither—every thing is just, I suppose, as the masons and carpenters left them;—and if the belief in Christ continues so long, will be so these fifty years to come—so your worships and reverences may all measure them at your leisure—but he who measures thee, Janatone, must do it now—thou carriest the principles of change within thy frame; and considering the chances of a transitory life, I would not answer for thee a moment; and ere twice twelve months are pass'd and gone, thou mayest grow out like a pumpkin, and lose thy shapes—or, thou mayest go off like a flower, and lose thy beauty—nay, thou mayest go off like a hussy—and lose thyself.—I would not answer for my aunt Dinah, was she alive—'faith, scarce for her picture—were it but painted by Reynolds—

—But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that son of Apollo, I'll be shot.—

So you must e'en be content with the original; which if the evening is fine in passing through Montreuil, you will see at

your chaise door, as you change horses; but unless you have as bad a reason for haste as I have—you had better stop:—She has a little of the *devotee*: but that, Sir, is a tierce to a nine in your favour.—

—L—help me! I could not count a single point: so had been piqued, and repiqued, and cappotted to the devil.

CHAP. X.

ALL which being considered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined—I wish I was at Abbeville, quoth I, were it only to see how they card and spin—so off we set.

* *de Montreuil à Nampont—poste et demi; de Nampont à Bernay—poste de Bernay à Nouvion—poste de Nouvion à ABBEVILLE poste*

—But the carders and spinners were all gone to bed.

* Vid. Book of French post-roads, page 36. edition of 1762.

C H A P. XI.

WHAT a vast advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

C H A P. XII.

WAS I in a condition to stipulate with Death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his glister—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself, but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house—but rather in some decent inn—At home, I know it,—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection shall pay me, will so crucify my

soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention—but mark. This inn should not be the inn at Abbeville—if there was not another inn in the universe, I would strike that inn out of the capitulation: so

Let the horses be in the chaise exactly by four in the morning—Yes, by four, Sir,—or by Genevieve! I'll raise a clatter in the house, shall wake the dead.

C H A P. XIII.

“MAKE them like unto a wheel,” is a bitter sarcasm, as all the learned know, against the *grand tour*, and that restless spirit for making it, which David prophetically foresaw, would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great bishop Hall, 'tis one of the severest imprecations which David ever uttered against the enemies of the Lord—and as if he had said, “I wish them no worse luck than always to be roll-

ing about."—So much motion, continues he, (for he was very corpulent)—is so much unquietness; and so much of rest, by the same analogy, is so much of heaven.

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; and that so much of motion is so much of life, and so much of joy—and that to stand still, or get on but slowly, is death and the devil.—

Hollo! ho!—the whole world's asleep!—bring out the horses—grease the wheels—tie on the mail—and drive a nail into that moulding—I'll not lose a moment.—

Now the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereunto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curseth his enemies, according to the bishop's habit of body, should certainly be a post-chaise wheel, whether they were set up in Palestine at that time or not—and my wheel, for the contrary reasons, must as certainly be a cart-wheel groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which sort, were I to turn commentator, I should make no scruple to affirm, they had great store in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more

than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their “χωρισμὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ σώματος, εἰς το καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν”—(their) “*getting out of the body, in order to think well.*” No man thinks right whilst he is in it; blinded, as he must be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aside, as the bishop and myself have been, with too lax or too tense a fibre—REASON is, half of it, SENSE; and the measure of heaven itself is but the measure of our present appetites and concoctions.—

—But which of the two, in the present case, do you think to be mostly in the wrong?

You, certainly, quoth she, to disturb a whole family so early.

C H A P. XIV.

—BUT she did not know I was under a vow not to shave my beard till I got to Paris; yet I hate to make mysteries of nothing; 'tis the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls from which *Lessius* (*lib. 13. de moribus divinis, cap. 24.*) hath made his estimate, wherein he setteth forth, That

one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of souls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can possibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this second estimate—unless from the parental goodness of God—I don't know—I am much more at a loss what could be in Franciscus Riberra's head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred Italian miles multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number—he certainly must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and most tabid decline, in a course of eighteen hundred years, they must unavoidably have shrunk, so as to have come, when he wrote, almost to nothing.

In Lessius's time, who seems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined—

—We find them less *now*—

And next winter we shall find them less

again; so that if we go on from little to less, and from less to nothing, I hesitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a century, at this rate, we shall have no souls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewise of the existence of the Christian faith, 'twill be one advantage that both of them will be exactly worn out together—

Blessed Jupiter! and blessed every other heathen god and goddess! for now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails—what jovial times!—
But where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I rushing? I—I who must be cut short in the midst of my days, and taste no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination—Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

C H A P. XV.

—“**S**o hating, I say, to make mysteries of *nothing*”—I intrusted it with the post-boy, as soon as ever I got off the stones; he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horse

trotting, and a sort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to *Ailly aux clochers*, famed in days of yore for the finest chimes in the world; but we danced through it without music—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as in truth they were through all France.)

And so making all possible speed, from *Ailly aux clochers*, I got to Hixcourt, from Hixcourt, I got to Pequignay, and from Pequignay, I got to AMIENS, concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before—and that was—that Janatone went there to school.

C H A P. XVI.

IN the whole catalogue of those whiffling vexations which come puffing across a man's canvass, there is not one of a more teasing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to describe—and for which, (unless you travel with an *avance-courier*, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—there is no help; and it is this:

That be you in never so kindly a propensity to sleep—though you are passing perhaps through the finest country—upon the best roads—and in the easiest carriage for doing it in the world—nay, was you sure you could sleep fifty miles straight forwards, without once opening your eyes—nay, what is more, was you as demonstratively satisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you should upon all accounts be full as well asleep as awake—nay perhaps better—Yet the incessant returns of paying for the horses at every stage—with the necessity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence, three livres fifteen sous (sous by sous) puts an end to so much of the project, that you cannot execute above six miles of it (or supposing it is a post and a half, that is but nine)—were it to save your soul from destruction.

—I'll be even with 'em, quoth I, for I'll put the precise sum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now I shall have nothing to do," said I (composing myself to rest) "but to drop this gently into the post-

boy's hat, and not say a word."—Then there wants two sous more to drink—or there is a twelve sous piece of Louis XIV. which will not pass—or a livre and some odd liards to be brought over from the last stage, which Monsieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot dispute very well asleep) rouse him: still is sweet sleep retrievable; and still might the flesh weigh down the spirit, and recover itself of these blows—but then, by heaven! you have paid but for a single post—whereas 'tis a post and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of post-roads, the print of which is so very small, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monsieur le Curé offers you a pinch of snuff—or a poor soldier shews you his leg—or a shaveling his box—or the priestesse of the cistern will water your wheels—they do not want it—but she swears by her *priesthood* (throwing it back) that they do:—then you have all these points to argue, or consider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get so thoroughly awakened—you may get 'em to sleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of these misfortunes, or I had passed clean by the stables of Chantilly—

—But the postillion first affirming, and then persisting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two sous piece, I opened my eyes to be convinced—and seeing the mark upon it, as plain as my nose—I leaped out of the chaise in a passion, and so saw every thing at Chantilly in spite.—I tried it but for three posts and a half, but believe 'tis the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to stop you; by which means it was that I passed through St. Dennis, without turning my head so much as on one side towards the Abbey—

—Richness of their treasury! stuff and nonsense!—bating their jewels, which are all false, I would not give three sous for any one thing in it, but Judas's lantern—nor for that either, only as it grows dark, it might be of use.

C H A P. XVII.

CRACK, crack—crack, crack—erack, crack—so this is Paris! quoth I, (continuing in the same mood)—and this is Paris!—humph!—Paris! cried I, repeating the name a third time—

The first, the finest, the most brilliant—

—The streets however are nasty;

But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells—crack, crack—crack, crack—What a fuss thou makest!—as if it concerned the good people to be informed, That a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a postillion in a tawny yellow jerkin turned up with red calamanco—crack, crack—crack, crack—crack, crack—I wish thy whip—

—But 'tis the spirit of thy nation; so crack—crack on.

—Ha!—and no one gives the wall!—but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY herself, if the walls are beset—how can you do otherwise?

And prithee when do they light the lamps? What?—never in the summer

months!—Ho! 'tis the time of sallads.—
O rare! sallad and soup—soup and sallad
—sallad and soup, *encore*—

'Tis *too much* for sinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it; how can that unconscionable coachman talk so much bawdy to that lean horse? Don't you see, friend, the streets are so villanously narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheel-barrow? In the grandest city of the whole world, it would not have been amiss, if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only so much in every single street, as that a man might know (was it only for satisfaction) on which side of it he was walking.

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten.—Ten cooks' shops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes driving; one would think that all the cooks in the world, on some great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint consent had said—Come, let us all go live at Paris: the French love good eating—they are all *gourmands*—we shall rank high; if their

god is their belly—their cooks must be gentlemen; and for as much as *the periwig maketh the man*, and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig,—*ergo*, would the barbers say, we shall rank higher still—we shall be above you all—we shall be Capitouls* at least—*pardi!* we shall all wear swords—

—And so, one would swear, (that is by candle-light,—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do to this day.

C H A P. XVIII.

THE French are certainly misunderstood:——but whether the fault is theirs, in not sufficiently explaining themselves, or speaking with that exact limitation and precision which one would expect on a point of such importance, and which, moreover, is so likely to be contested by us—or whether the fault may not be altogether on our side, in not understanding their language always so critically as to

* Chief Magistrate of Toulouse, etc. etc. etc.

know "what they would be at"—I shall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they who have seen Paris, have seen every thing,*" they must mean to speak of those who have seen it by day-light.

As for candle-light,—I give it up—I have said before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not because the lights and shades are too sharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, *etc.* . . . for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this respect, That in all the five hundred grand Hotels, which they number up to you in Paris—and the five hundred good things, at a modest computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a Hotel), which by candle-light are best to be *seen, felt, heard and understood* (which, by the by, is a quotation from Lilly)—the devil a one of us out of fifty can get our heads fairly thrust in amongst them.

This is no part of the French computation; 'tis simply this,

That by the last survey taken in the

year one thousand seven hundred sixteen, since which time there have been considerable augmentations, Paris does contain nine hundred freets; (*viz*).

In the quarter called the city—there are fifty-three freets.

In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five freets.

In St. Oportune, thirty-four freets.

In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five freets.

In the Palais Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine freets.

In Mont. Martyr, forty-one freets.

In St. Eustace, twenty-nine freets.

In the Halles, twenty-seven freets.

In St. Dennis, fifty-five freets.

In St. Martin, fifty-four freets.

In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-seven freets.

The Greve, thirty-eight freets.

In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen freets.

In the Marais, or the Temple, fifty-two freets.

In St. Antony's sixty-eight freets.

In the Place Maubert, eighty-one freets.

In St. Bennet, sixty freets.
 In St. Andrews des Arcs, fifty-one freets.
 In the quarter of the Luxembourg, sixty-two freets.

And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five freets.

Into any of which you may walk; and that when you have seen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their squares, their statues— — and have crusaded it moreover through all their parish churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Sulpice— — and to crown all, having taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may see either with or without the statues and pictures, just as you choose—

—Then you will have seen—

—but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourself upon the portico of the Louvre, in these words,

* EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS!—NO FOLKS
 E'ER SUCH A TOWN
 AS PARIS IS!— —SING, DERRY, DERRY
 DOWN.

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet
 ullam

————— ulla parem.

The French have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be said upon it.

C H A P. XVIII.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the close of the last chapter) it puts one (i. e. an author) in mind of the word *spleen*—especially if he has any thing to say upon it: not that by any analysis—or that from any table of interest or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkness, or any two of the most unfriendly opposites in nature—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good understanding amongst words, as politicians do amongst men—not knowing how near they may be under the necessity of placing them to each other—which point being now gained, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

S P L E E N.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion. I still continue in the same sentiments—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneasily to yourself at the same time; for which reason I here quit it entirely, and for ever; and 'tis heartily at any one's service—it has spoiled me the digestion of a good supper, and brought on a bilious *diarrhæa*, which has brought me back again to the first principle on which I set out—and with which I shall now scamper it away to the banks of the Garonne—

—No;—I cannot stop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius—their manners—their customs—their laws—their religion—their government—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances, with all the resources and hidden springs which sustain them; qualified as I may be, by spending three days

and two nights amongst them, and during all that time, making these things the entire subject of my inquiries and reflections—

Still—still I must away—the roads are paved—the posts are short—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I shall be at Fontainebleau before the king.— —

—Was he going there? not that I know—

C H A P. XX.

NOW I hate to hear a person, especially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on so fast in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faster, *consideratis considerandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them—and then consider their puny horses, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all: their suffering is most unchristian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French post-horse would not know what in the world to do,

was it not for the two words ***** and ***** , in which there is as much substance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now as these words cost nothing, I long from my soul to tell the reader what they are, but here is the question— —they must be told him plainly, and with the most distinct articulation, or it will answer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuse it in the parlour; for which cause, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy some time, but to no purpose, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might so modulate them, that whilst I satisfy *that ear* which the reader chooses to *lend* me—I might not dissatisfy the other which he keeps to himself.

— —My ink burns my fingers to try
— —and when I have—'twill have a worse consequence—it will burn (I fear) my paper.

— —No;— —I dare not— —

But if you wish to know how the abbess of Andoüillets, and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only first

wishing myself all imaginable success)—
I'll tell you without the least scruple.

C H A P. XXI.

THE abbess of Andoüillets, which if you look into the large set of provincial maps now publishing at Paris, you will find situated amongst the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an *Anchylosis* or stiff joint (the *sinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy—first, prayers and thanksgiving;—then invocations to all the saints in heaven promiscuously—then particularly to every saint who had ever had a stiff leg before her—the touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh bone of the man of Lystra, who had been impotent from his youth—then wrapping it up in her veil when she went to bed—then cross-wise her rosary—then bringing in to her aid the secular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals—then treating it with emollient and resolving fomentations—then with poultices of marsh-

mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lilies and fenugreek — then taking the woods, I mean the smoke of 'em, holding her scapulary across her lap — then decoctions of wild chicory, water-crelles, chervil, sweet cecily and cochlearia — and nothing all this while answering, was prevailed on at last to try the hot baths of Bourbon — so having first obtained leave of the visitor-general to take care of her existence — she ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about seventeen, who had been troubled with a withloe in her middle finger, by sticking it constantly into the abbess's cast poultices, etc. — had gained such an interest, that overlooking a sciatical old nun, who might have been set up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calash, belonging to the abbess, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the sun — the gardener of the convent being chosen muleteer, led out the two old mules to clip the hair from the rump-end of their tails, whilst

a couple of lay-sisters were busied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in sewing on the shreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled—the under-gardener dress'd the muliteer's hat in hot-wine-lees—and a tailor sat musically at it, in a shed over-against the convent, in assorting four dozen of bells for the harness, whistling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong—

—The carpenter and the smith of Andouilletts held a council of wheels; and by seven, the morning after, all look'd spruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot baths of Bourbon—two rows of the unfortunate stood ready there an hour before.

The abbess of Andouilletts, supported by Margarita the novice, advanced slowly to the calash, both clad in white, with their black rosaries hanging at their breasts—

—There was a simple solemnity in the contrast: they entered the calash; the nuns in the same uniform, sweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the abbess and Margarita look'd

up—each (the sciatical poor nun excepted)
—each stream'd out the end of her veil
in the air—then kiss'd the lily hand which
let it go; the good abbess and Margarita
laid their hands saint-wise upon their breasts
—look'd up to heaven—then to them—
and look'd “God bless you, dear sisters.”

I declare I am interested in this story,
and wish I had been there.

The gardener, whom I shall now call
the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-
set, good-natured, chattering, toping kind
of a fellow, who troubled his head very
little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; so
had mortgaged a month of his conventical
wages in a *borrachio*, or leathern cask of
wine, which he had disposed behind the
calash, with a large russet-coloured riding-
coat over it, to guard it from the sun;
and as the weather was hot, and he,
not a niggard of his labours, walking ten
times more than he rode—he found more
occasions than those of nature, to fall back
to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent
coming and going, it had so happen'd,
that all his wine had leak'd out at the
legal vent of the *borrachio*, before one
half of the journey was finish'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been sultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous—the Burgundian hill on which it grew was steep—a little tempting bush over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the passions—a gentle air rustled distinctly through the leaves—“Come—come, thirsty muleteer—come in.”

—The muleteer was a son of Adam, I need not say one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a sound lash, and looking in the abbess's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to say “here I am”—he gave a second good crack—as much as to say to his mules, “get on”—so flinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping-fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his scantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it; so entering into a long conversation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of

Andoüillets, etc. etc. and out of friendship for the abbess and Mademoiselle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, etc.—etc.—and as how she had got a white swelling by her devotions and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, etc. etc. and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg—she might as well be lame of both—etc. etc. etc.—he so contrived his story, as absolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her the little novice, and what was a more ticklish point to be forgot than both—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inasmuch as their parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men and women and beasts are)—they do it side-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways—and up-hill, and down-hill, and which way they can.—Philosophers, with all their ethics, have never considered this rightly—how should the poor muleteer then, in his cups, consider it at all? He did not in the least—'tis time we do; let

us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happiest and most thoughtless of mortal men—and for a moment let us look after the mules, the abbess, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two last strokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own consciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one-half of it; when the elder of them, a shrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a side glance, and no muleteer behind them—

By my fig! said she, swearing, I'll go no further—And if I do, replied the other—they shall make a drum of my hide.—

And so with one consent they stopp'd thus—

C H A P. XXII.

—GET on with you, said the abbess.

—Wh---ysh—ysh—cried Margarita.

Sh---a—shu-u—shu--u—sh--aw—
shaw'd the abbess.

—Whu—v—w——whew—w—w—

whuv'd Margarita, pursing up her sweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whistle.

Thump—thump—thump—obstreperated the abbess of Andoüillets with the end of her gold-headed cane against the bottom of the calash—

The old mule let a f—

C H A P. XXIII.

WE are ruin'd and undone, my child, said the abbess to Margarita—we shall be here all night—we shall be plunder'd—we shall be ravish'd.—

—We shall be ravish'd, said Margarita, as sure as a gun.

Sancta Maria! cried the abbess (forgetting the O!) why was I govern'd by this wicked stiff joint? why did I leave the convent of Andoüillets? and why didst thou not suffer thy servant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *servant*—why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where rather than be in this strait?

—Strait! said the abbess.

—Strait—said the novice; for terrour had struck their understandings—the one knew not what she said—the other what she answered.

O my virginity! cried the abbess.

—Inity!—inity! said the novice, sobbing.

C H A P. XXIV.

MY dear mother, quoth the novice coming a little to herself,—there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horse, or ass, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or no; be he never so obstinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys. They are words magic! cried the abbess, in the utmost horror—No, replied Margarita calmly—but they are words sinful.—What are they? quoth the abbess, interrupting her. They are sinful in the first degree, answered Margarita,—they are mortal—and if we are ravish'd and die unabsolved of them, we shall both—But you may pronounce them to me, quoth the abbess of Andoüillets—They cannot, my dear mo-

ther, said the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face—But you may whisper them in my ear, quoth the abbess.

Heaven! hadst thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly spirit unemployed—no agent in nature, by some monitory shivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouse the muleteer from his banquet?—no sweet minstrelsy to bring back the fair idea of the abbess and Margarita, with their black rosaries!

Rouse! rouse!—but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment.—

—And how to tell them—Ye, who can speak of every thing existing, with unpoluted lips—instruct me—guide me.—

CHAP. XXV.

ALL sins whatever, quoth the abbess, turning casuist in the distress they were under, are held by the confessor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no further division. Now a venial

fin being the flightest and least of all sins;—being halved—by taking, either only the half of it, and leaving the rest—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourself and another person—in course becomes diluted into no sin at all.

Now I see no sin in saying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou*, a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the syllable *ger, ger, ger, ger, ger*, were it from our matins to our vespers: Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the abbess of Andoüilletts—I will say *bou*, and thou shalt say *ger*; and then alternately, as there is no more sin in *fou* than in *bou*—thou shalt say *fou*—and I will come in (like *fa, so, la, re, mi, ut*, at our complines) with *ter*. And accordingly the abbess, giving the pitch note, set off thus:

Abbess,	}	Rou -- bou -- bou --
Margarita,		--ger, -- ger, --ger.
Margarita,	}	Fou -- fou -- fou --
Abbess,		--ter, --ter, --ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual lash of their tails; but it went no further.—'Twill answer by an' by, said the novice.

Abbess, } Bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-
 Margarita, } — — ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger,
 Quicker still, cried Margarita.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou,
 fou,

Quicker still, cried Margarita.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou,
 bou, bou.

Quicker still — God preserve me! said
 the abbess. They do not understand us,
 cried Margarita. — But the Devil does,
 said the abbess of Andoüillet.

C H A P. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!
 —how many degrees nearer to the warm
 sun am I advanced, and how many fair
 and goodly cities have I seen, during the
 time you have been reading, and reflect-
 ing, Madam, upon this story! There's
 FONTAINEBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY,
 and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of
 Burgundy, and CHALON, and MACON the
 capital of the Maconese, and a score more
 upon the road to LYONS—and now I have
 run them over—I might as well talk to

you of so many market-towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the least, if not both this and the next entirely lost, do what I will—

—Why, 'tis a strange story! Tristram.

—Alas! Madam, had it been upon some melancholy lecture of the cross—the peace of meekness, or the contentment of resignation—I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abstractions of the soul, and that food of wisdom, and holiness, and contemplation, upon which the spirit of man (when separated from the body) is to subsist for ever—you would have come with a better appetite from it.—

—I wish I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out—let us use some honest means to get it out of our heads directly.

—Pray reach me my fool's cap—I fear you sit upon it, Madam—'tis under the cushion—I'll put it on.—

Bless me! you have had it upon your head this half hour.—There then let it stay, with a

Fa-ra diddle-di
 and a fa-ri diddle-d
 and a high-dum—dye-dum
 fiddle—dumb-c.

And now, Madam, we may venture,
 I hope, a little to go on.

CHAP. XXVII.

—ALL you need say of Fontainebleau (in case you are ask'd) is, that it stands about forty miles (south *something*) from Paris, in the middle of a large forest—That there is something great in it—That the king goes there once every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleasure of the chace—and that during that carnival of sporting, any English gentleman of fashion, (you need not forget yourself) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the sport, taking care only not to out-gallop the king.—

Though there are two reasons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

First, Because it will make the said nags the harder to be got; and

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true.—

Allons!

As for SENS—you may dispatch it in a word.—“’*Tis an archiepiscopal see.*”

—For JORGNY—the less, I think, one says of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever; for in my *grand tour* through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to trust me with any one) attended me himself with my uncle Toby and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed most of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with the project of knitting my father a pair of large worsted breeches—(the thing is common sense)—and she not caring to be put out of her way, she staid at home at SHANDY-HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I say, my father stopping us two days at Auxerre, and his researches being ever of such a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a desert—he has left me enough to say upon AUXERRE: in short, wherever my father went—but ’twas more remarkably so, in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other stages of his life—his road seemed to lie so much on one side of that, wherein all other

travellers had gone before him—he saw kings and courts, and filks of all colours, in such strange lights—and his remarks and reasonings upon the characters, the manners and customs of the countries we pass'd over, were so opposite to those of all other mortal men, particularly those of my uncle Toby and Trim—(to say nothing of myself)—and to crown all—the occurrences and scrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in consequence of his systems and opiniatry—they were of so odd, so mixed and tragicomical a texture—That, the whole put together, it appears of so different a shade and tint from any tour of Europe, which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault must be mine and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more,—or, which comes to the same point—till the world, finally, takes it into its head to stand still.

—But this rich bale is not to be open'd now; except a small thread or two of it, merely to unravel the mystery of my father's stay at AUXERRE.—As I have mentioned

it—'tis too slight to be kept suspended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

We'll go, brother Toby, said my father, whilst dinner is coddling—to the abbey Saint Germain, if it be only to see these bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given such a recommendation.—I'll go see any body, quoth my uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every step of the journey—Defend me! said my father—they are all mummies—Then one need not shave, quoth my uncle Toby—Shave! no—cried my father—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on—So out we sallied, the corporal lending his master his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of Saint Germain.

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very superb, and very magnificent, said my father, addressing himself to the sacristan, who was a young brother of the order of Benedictines—but our curiosity has led us to see the bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given the world so exact a description.—The sacristan made a bow, and lighting a torch first, which

he had always in the vestry ready for the purpose, he led us into the tomb of St. Herebald—This, said the sacristan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the house of Bavaria, who under the successive reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonair, and Charles the Bald, bore a great sway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and discipline.—

Then he has been as great, said my uncle, in the field, as in the cabinet—I dare say he has been a gallant soldier—He was a monk—said the sacristan.

My uncle Toby and Trim sought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not: my father clapp'd both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him; for though he hated a monk, and the very smell of a monk worse than all the devils in hell—yet the shot hitting my uncle Toby and Trim so much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph, and put him into the gayest humour in the world.

—And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather sportingly.

This tomb, said the young Benedictine, looking downwards, contains the bones of Saint MAXIMA, who came from Ravenna on purpose to touch the body—

—Of Saint MAXIMUS, said my father, popping in with his saint before him—they were two of the greatest saints in the whole martyrology, added my father—Excuse me, said the sacristan—'twas to touch the bones of Saint Germain, the builder of the abbey—And what did she get by it? said my uncle Toby—What does any woman get by it? said my father—MARTYRDOM, replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with so humble, but decisive a cadence, it disarmed my father for a moment. 'Tis supposed, continued the Benedictine, that St. Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization—'Tis but a slow rise, brother Toby, quoth my father, in this self-same army of martyrs.—A desperate slow one, an' please your honour, said Trim, unless one could purchase—I should rather sell out entirely, quoth my uncle Toby—I am pret-

ty much of your opinion, brother Toby, said my father.

—Poor St. Maxima! said my uncle Toby, low to himself, as we turn'd from her tomb. She was one of the fairest and most beautiful ladies either of Italy or France, continued the sacristan—But who the deuce has got lain down here, besides her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on—It is Saint Optat, Sir, answered the sacristan—And properly is St. Optat placed! said my father: And what is Saint Optat's story? continued he. Saint Optat, replied the sacristan, was a bishop—

—I thought so, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him—Saint Optat!—how should St. Optat fail? so snatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine holding him the torch as he wrote, he set it down as a new prop to his system of christian names, and I will be bold to say, so disinterested was he in the search of truth, that had he found a treasure in St. Optat's tomb, it would not have made him half so rich: 'Twas as successful a short visit as ever was paid to the dead;

and so highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had passed in it—that he determin'd at once to stay another day in Auxerre.

I'll see the rest of these good gentry to-morrow, said my father, as we cross'd over the square.—And while you are paying that visit, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby,—the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

C H A P. XXVIII.

—NOW this is the most puzzled skein of all—for in this last chapter, as far at least as it has help'd me through Auxerre, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the same dash of the pen—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half-way out of Auxerre in that which I shall write hereafter—There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing, and by pushing at something beyond that, I have brought myself into such a situation, as no traveller ever stood before me; for I am this moment walking across the market-

place of Auxerre with my father and my uncle Toby, in our way back to dinner—and I am this moment also entering Lyons with my post-chaise broke into a thousand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handsome pavilion built by Pringello*, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Mons. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now sit rhapsodizing all these affairs.

—Let me collect myself and pursue my journey.

C H A P. XXIX.

I AM glad of it, said I, settling the account with myself as I walked into Lyons—my chaise being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving slowly before me—I am heartily glad, said I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred

* The same Don Pringello, the celebrated Spanish architect, of whom my cousin Antony has made such honourable mention in a scholium to the Tale inscribed to his name.

Vid. p. 129. small edition.

and twenty miles of my journey, and not cost me seven livres — and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire a couple of mules—or asses, if I like, (for nobody knows me) and cross the plains of Languedoc, for almost nothing—I shall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune, clear into my purse; and pleasure! worth—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, shall I fly down the rapid Rhone, with the VIVARES on my right hand, and DAUPHINY on my left, scarce seeing the ancient cities of VIENNA, Valence, and Vivrières! What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to snatch a blushing grape from the Hermitage and Côte-roti, as I shoot by the foot of them? and what a fresh spring in the blood! to behold upon the banks advancing and retiring, the castles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome rescued the distress'd — and see vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her.—

As I went on thus, methought my chaise,

the wreck of which look'd stately enough at the first, insensibly grew less and less in its size; the freshness of the painting was no more—the gilding lost its lustre—and the whole affair appear'd so poor in my eyes—so sorry!—so contemptible! and, in a word, so much worse than the abbess of Andouillet's itself—that I was just opening my mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vamping chaise-undertaker, stepping nimbly across the street, demanded if Monsieur would have his chaise refitted—No, no, said I, shaking my head sideways—Would Monsieur choose to sell it? rejoin'd the undertaker—With all my soul, said I—the iron work is worth forty livres—and the glasses worth forty more—and the leather you may take to live on.

—What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this post-chaise brought me in? And this is my usual method of book-keeping, at least with the disasters of life—making a penny of every one of 'em, as they happen to me—

—Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one the most

oppressive of its kind which could befall me as a man, proud, as he ought to be, of his manhood—

'Tis enough, said'st thou, coming close up to me, as I stood with my garters, in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* pass'd—'Tis enough, Tristram, and I am satisfied, said'st thou, whispering these words in my ear, **** ** **** ** *****; —**** ** ****—any other man would have sunk down to the centre—

—Every thing is good for something, quoth I.

—I'll go into Wales for six weeks, and drink goat's whey—and I'll gain seven years longer life for the accident. For which reason I think myself inexcusable, for blaming Fortune so often as I have done, for pelting me all my life along, like an ungracious dutchess, as I called her, with so many small evils: surely if I have any cause to be angry with her, 'tis that she has not sent me great ones—a score of good cursed, bouncing losses, would have been as good as a pension to me.

—One of a hundred a year, or so, is all I wish—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

C H A P. XXX.

TO those who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the best part of a day in Lyons, the most opulent and flourishing city in France, enriched with the most fragments of antiquity—and not be able to see it. To be withheld upon *any* account, must be a vexation; but to be withheld *by* a vexation——must certainly be what philosophy justly calls

V E X A T I O N

UPON

V E X A T I O N.

I had got my two dishes of milk-coffee (which by the by is excellently good for a consumption, but you must boil the milk and coffee together—otherwise 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to see enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, said I looking at my list, and see the wonder-

ful mechanism of this great clock of Lippius of Basil, in the first place——

Now, of all things in the world, I understand the least of mechanism—I have neither genius, or taste, or fancy,—and have a brain so entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I solemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a squirrel cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—though I have many an hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one—and stood by with as much patience as any christian ever could do, at the other—

I'll go see the surprising movements of this great clock, said I, the very first thing I do; and then I will pay a visit to the great library of the Jesuits, and procure, if possible, a sight of the thirty volumes of the general history of China, wrote (not in the Tartarian) but in the Chinese language, and in the Chinese character too.

Now I almost know as little of the Chinese language, as I do of the mechanism of Lippius's clock-work; so, why these should have jostled themselves into the

two first articles of my list—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyship's obliquities; and they who court her, are interested in finding out her humour as much as I.

When these curiosities are seen, quoth I, half addressing myself to my *valet de place*, who stood behind me—'twill be no hurt if we go to the church of St. Ireneus, and see the pillar to which Christ was tied— — and after that, the house where Pontius Pilate lived— — 'Twas at the next town, said the *valet de place*— — at Vienna. I am glad of it, said I, rising briskly from my chair, and walking across the room with strides twice as long as my usual pace—"for so much the sooner shall I be at the *Tomb of the two lovers*."

What was the cause of this movement, and why I took such long strides in uttering this—I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concern'd in it—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myself.

C H A P. XXXI.

O! There is a sweet aera in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing else) — a story read of two fond lovers, separated from each other by cruel parents, and by still more cruel destiny —

Amandus — He

Amanda — She —

each ignorant of the other's course,

He — east

She — west

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the emperour of Morocco's court, where the princess of Morocco falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in prison, for the love of his Amanda. — —

She — — (Amanda) all the time wandering barefoot, and with dishevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains inquiring for Amandus — — Amandus! Amandus! — — making every hill and valley to echo back his name — —

Amandus! Amandus!
at every town and city sitting down forlorn at the gate — Has Amandus! — has

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G

my Amandus enter'd—till,—going round, and round, and round the world—chance unexpected bringing them at the same moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native city, and each in well known accents calling out aloud,

Is Amandus }
Is my Amanda } still alive?

they fly into each other's arms; and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a soft aera in every gentle mortal's life, where such a story affords more *pabulum* to the brain, than all the Frufts, and Crufts, and Rufts of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

—'Twas all that struck on the right side of the cullendar in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had strained into it; and finding, moreover, in some Itinerary, but in what God knows—That sacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where to this hour, lovers called upon them to attest their truths,—I never could get into a scrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of*

the lovers would, some how or other, come in at the close—nay, such a kind of empire had it establiſh'd over me, that I could ſeldom think or ſpeak of Lyons—and ſometimes not ſo much as ſee even a Lyons *waſtcoat*, but this remnant of antiquity would preſent itſelf to my fancy; and I have often ſaid in my wild way of running on—though I fear with ſome irreverence—“I thought this ſhrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of Mecca, and ſo little ſhort, except in wealth, of the Santa Caſa itſelf, that ſome time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other buſineſs at Lyons) on purpoſe to pay it a viſit.”

In my liſt, therefore, of *videnda* at Lyons, this, though *laſt*—was not, you ſee, *leaſt*; ſo taking a dozen or two of longer ſtrides than uſual acroſs my room, juſt whiſt it paſſed my brain, I walked down calmly into the Baſſe Cour, in order to ſally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I ſhould return to my inn, I had paid it—had moreover given the maid ten ſous, and was juſt receiving the *dernier compliments* of

Monfieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône—when I was stopped at the gate—

C H A P. XXXII.

—T WAS by a poor als, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in, or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me, and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one

word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, etc.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, etc. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the other speaks by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog he would speak if he could) yet some how or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the *proposition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those utter'd—there's an end of the dialogue—

But with an ass I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out.

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I,—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unflavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour— and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one

knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as foot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend, perhaps, in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him——he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he looked up penfive in my face—“Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may.”—If I do, said I, I'll be d—d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andoüillets'—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an osier which had started out from the contexture of the als's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, should have come in here—but this I leave to be settled by

The

REVIEWERS

of

MY BREECHES

which I have brought over along with me for that purpose.

C H A P. XXXIII.

WHEN all was set to rights, I came down stairs again into the Basse Cour with my *valet the place*, in order to sally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, *etc.*—and was a second time stopped at the gate—*—*not by the als—but by the per-

son who struck him; and who, by that time, had taken possession (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very spot of ground where the als stood.

It was a commissary sent to me from the post-office, with a rescript in his hand for the payment of some six livres odd sous.

Upon what account? said I — — 'Tis upon the part of the king, replied the commissary, heaving up both his shoulders —

— — My good friend, quoth I — — as sure as I am I — — and you are you — —

— — And who are you? said he — —
Don't puzzle me, said I.

C H A P. XXXIV.

—BUT it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addressing myself to the commissary, changing only the form of my asseveration — that I owe the king of France nothing but my good will; for he is a very honest man, and I wish him all health and pastime in the world —

Pardonnez-moi — replied the commissary; you are indebted to him six livres four sous for the next post from hence to

St. Fons, in your rout to Avignon—which being a post royal, you pay double for the horses and postillion—otherwise it would have amounted to no more than three livres two sous—

—But I don't go by land, said I.

—You may, if you please, replied the commissary—

—Your most obedient servant—said I, making him a low bow—

The commissary, with all the sincerity of grave good breeding—made me one, as low again—I never was more disconcerted with a bow in my life.

—The devil take the serious character of these people! quoth I—(aside) they understand no more of IRONY than this—

The comparison was standing close by with his panniers—but something sealed up my lips—I could not pronounce the name—

Sir, said I, collecting myself—it is not my intention to take post—

—But you may—said he, persisting in his first reply—you may take post if you choose—

—And I may take salt to my pickled herring, said I, if I choose—

—But I do not choofe—

—But you muft pay for it, whether you do or no—

Aye! for the falt; faid I, (I know)—

—And for the poft too, added he. De- fend me, cried I—!

I travel by water— —I am going down the Rhône this very afternoon—my baggage is in the boat—and I have actually paid nine livres for my paffage— —

C'est tout égal—'tis all one, faid he.

Bon Dieu! what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

—*C'est tout égal*, replied the commif- fary—

— —The devil it is! faid I— —but I will go to ten thoufand Baftiles firft— —

O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good fenfe, thou tendereft of mothers—and gentleft of nurfes, cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apoftrophe—

When the director of Madam Le Blanc's confcience coming in at that infant, and feeing a perfon in black, with a face as pale as afhes at his devotions—looking ftill paler by the contrast and diftreff of

his drapery—asked, if I stood in want of the aids of the church—

I go by WATER—said I—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by OIL.

C H A P. XXXV.

AS I perceived the commissary of the post-office would have his six livres four sous, I had nothing else for it, but to say some smart thing upon the occasion, worth the money:—

And so I set off thus:

—And pray, Mr. Commissary, by what law of courtesy is a defenceless stranger to be used just the reverse from what you use a Frenchman in this matter?

By no means; said he.

Excuse me; said I— —for you have begun, Sir, with first tearing of my breeches — —and now you want my pocket—

Whereas— —had you first taken my pocket, as you do with your own people — —and then left me bare a— —'d after — —I had been a beast to have complained— —

As it is—

—'Tis contrary to the *law of nature*.

—'Tis contrary to *reason*.

—'Tis contrary to the GOSPEL.

But not to this— — said he— — putting
a printed paper into my hand.

PAR LE ROY.

— — 'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth
I— — and so read on * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

— — By all which it appears, quoth I,
having read it over a little too rapidly,
that if a man sets out in a post-chaise from
Paris— — he must go on travelling in one
all the days of his life— — or pay for it.

— — Excuse me, said the commissary, the
spirit of the ordinance is this— — That if
you set out with an intention of running
post from Paris to Avignon, etc. you shall
not change that intention or mode of tra-
velling, without first satisfying the fer-
miers for two posts further than the place
you repent at— — and 'tis founded, con-
tinued he, upon this, that the REVENUES
are not to fall short through your *fickle-
ness*— —

— — O by Heavens! cried I— —if fickleness is taxable in France—we have nothing to do but to make the best peace with you we can—

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE.

And if it is a bad one— —as Tristram Shandy laid the corner stone of it— —nobody but Tristram Shandy ought to be hanged.

C H A P. XXXVI.

THOUGH I was sensible I had said as many clever things to the commissary as came to six livres four sous, yet I was determined to note down the imposition amongst my remarks before I retired from the place; so putting my hand into my coat-pocket for my remarks—(which, by the by, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) “my remarks were *stolen*” —Never did sorry traveller make such a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occasion.

Heaven! earth! sea! fire! cried I, calling-in every thing to my aid but what I

should—My remarks are stolen!—what shall I do?—Mr. Commissary! pray did I drop any remarks as I stood besides you?—

You dropped a good many very singular ones; replied he—Pugh! said I, those were but a few, not worth above six livres two sous—but these are a large parcel—He shook his head—Monsieur Le Blanc! Madam Le Blanc! did you see any papers of mine?—you maid of the house! run up stairs—François! run up after her—

—I must have my remarks—they were the best remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wisest—the wittiest—What shall I do?—which way shall I turn myself?

Sancho Pança when he lost his ass's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

C H A P. XXXVII.

WHEN the first transport was over, and the registers of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confusion into which this jumble of cross accidents had cast them—it then presently occurred to me, that I had left my remarks in the

pocket of the chaise—and that in selling my chaise I had sold my remarks along with it, to the chaise-vamper.

I leave this void space that the reader may swear into it any oath that he is most accustomed to—For my own part, if ever I swore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that—*** **** **, said I—and so my remarks through France, which were as full of wit as an egg is full of meat, and as well worth four hundred guineas, as the said egg is worth a penny—have I been selling here to a chaise-vamper—for four Louis d'or—and giving him a post-chaise (by Heaven) worth six into the bargain; had it been to Doddsley or Becket, or any creditable bookseller, who was either leaving off business, and wanted a post-chaise—or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them, I could have borne it—but to a chaise-vamper!—Shew me to him this moment, François—said I.—The *valet de place* put on his hat, and led the way—and I pull'd off mine, as I pass'd the commissary, and followed him.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

WHEN we arrived at the chaise-vamp-er's house, both the house and the shop were shut up: it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God.—

——Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi——the whole world was going out a May-poling—frisking here—capering there—nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; so I sat me down upon a bench by the door, philosophating upon my condition: by a better fate than usually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the mistress came in, to take the papillotes from off her hair, before she went to the May-poles.

The French women, by the by, love May-poles, *à la folie*—that is, as much as their matins—give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September,—they never count the times—down it goes—'tis meat, drink, washing and lodging to 'em—and had we but the policy, an' please your worships (as wood is a little scarce in France) to send them but plenty of May-poles—

The women would set them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaise-vamper step'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotés from off her hair—the toilette stands still for no man—so she jerk'd off her cap to begin with them as she opened the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground—I instantly saw it was my own writing.—

O Seigneur! cried I—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam! *J'en suis bien mortifiée*, said she—'Tis well, thinks I, they have stuck there—for could they have gone deeper, they would have made such confusion in a French-woman's noddle—She had better have gone with it unfizzled to the day of eternity.

Tenez—said she—so without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely one by one into my hat—one was twisted this way—another twisted that—ay! by my faith; and when they are published, quoth I,—

They will be worse twisted still.

C H A P. XXXIX.

AND now for Lippius's clock! said I, with the air of a man, who had got through all his difficulties—nothing can prevent us seeing that, and the Chinese history, etc.—Except the time, said François—for 'tis almost eleven—Then we must speed the faster, said I, striding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot say, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the west door—That Lippius's great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for some years—It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruse the Chinese history; and besides I shall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in its decay, than I could have done in its flourishing condition.—

—And so away I posted to the college of the Jesuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the history of China in Chinese characters—as with many others I could mention, which strike the fancy only at

a distance ; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cool'd—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-stone to have it gratified—The truth was, my time was short, and my heart was at the tomb of the Lovers—I wish to God, said I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but lost ; it fell out as well—

For all the JESUITS had got the cholic—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldest practitioner.

C H A P. XL.

AS I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons, namely, that it was upon the turning to my right hand, just without the gate, leading to the *Faux-bourg de Vaise*—I dispatch'd François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I so long owed it, without a witness of my weakness—I walked with all imaginable joy towards the place—when I saw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me.—

—Tender and faithful spirits! cried I, addressing myself to Amandus and Amanda—long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb—I come—I come.—

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle Toby to have whistled, *Lillabullero!*

C H A P. XLI.

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the Tomb of the Lovers—or rather I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no such thing existing) and just got time enough to the boat to save my passage;—and ere I had sailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saon met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have described this voyage down the Rhône, before I made it.—

—So now I am at Avignon—and as there is nothing to see but the old house, in which the Duke of Ormond resided, and nothing to stop me but a short remark upon the place, in three minutes you will see me crossing the bridge upon a mule,

with François upon a horse with my port-manteau behind him, and the owner of both, striding the way before us with a long gun upon his shoulder, and a sword under his arm, lest peradventure we should run away with his cattle. Had you seen my breeches in entering Avignon—though you'd have seen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiss, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it most kindly; and determined to make him a present of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himself at all points against them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this: That I think it wrong, merely because a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the first night he comes to Avignon,—that he should therefore say, “Avignon is more subject to high winds than any town in all France:” for which reason I laid no stress upon the accident till I had inquired of the master of the inn about it, who telling me seriously it was so—and

hearing, moreover, the windiness of Avignon spoke of in the country about as a proverb—I set it down, merely to ask the learned what can be the cause—the consequence I saw—for they are all Dukes, Marquisses, and Counts there—the deuce a Baron in all Avignon—so that there is scarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee friend, said I, take hold of my mule for a moment—for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel—the man was standing quite idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head, that he was someway concerned about the house or stable, I put the bridle into his hand—so begun with my boot:—When I had finished the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him—

—But Monsieur le Marquis had walked in.—

C H A P. XLII.

I HAD now the whole south of France, from the banks of the Rhône to those of the Garonne, to traverse upon my mule at

my own leisure—at my own leisure—for I had left Death the Lord knows—and He only—how far behind me—“I have followed many a man through France, quoth he—but never at this mettlesome rate.”—Still he followed,—and still I fled him—but I fled him cheerfully—still he pursued—but like one who pursued his prey without hope—as he lag’d, every step he lost, softened his looks—why should I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithstanding all the commissary of the post-office had said, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and after so precipitate and rattling a course as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I should traverse the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as slowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleasing to a traveller—or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain; especially if it is without great rivers or bridges, and presents nothing to the eye but one unvaried picture of plenty; for after they have once told you that ’tis delicious! or delightful! (as the case happens)—that the

soil was grateful, and that Nature pours out all her abundance, etc. . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no use to them but to carry them to some town; and that town, perhaps of little more, but a new place to start from to the next plain—and so on.

This is most terrible work; judge if I don't manage my plains better.

C H A P. XLIII.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three several times loiter'd *terribly* behind; half a mile at least every time: once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of Beaucaire and Tarascone—I did not understand the principles.—

The second time, I cannot so properly say, I stopp'd—for meeting a couple of Franciscans straitened more for time than myself, and not being able to get to the

bottom of what I was about—I had turn'd back with them.—

The third was an affair of trade with a gossip, for a hand-basket of Provence figs for four sous; this would have been transacted at once, but for a case of conscience at the close of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turned out, that there were two dozen of eggs cover'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the basket—As I had no intention of buying eggs—I made no sort of claim of them—as for the space they had occupied—what signified it? I had figs enough for my money.—

—But it was my intention to have the basket—it was the gossip's intention to keep it, without which she could do nothing with her eggs—and unless I had the basket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and most of 'em burst at the side: this brought on a short contention, which terminated in sundry proposals, what we should both do.—

—How we disposed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the Devil himself, had he not been there (which I am persuaded he was) to form the least probable conjecture:

You will read the whole of it—not this year, for I am hastening to the story of my uncle Toby's amours—but you will read it in the collection of those which have arose out of the journey across this plain—and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like those of other travellers, in this journey of it, over so barren a track—the world must judge—but the traces of it, which are now all set o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the most fruitful and busy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time—by stopping and talking to every soul I met who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every soul behind—hailing all those who were coming through cross roads—arresting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not passing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff—in short, by seizing every handle, of what size or

shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my *plain* into a *city*—I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved society as myself, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast he met—I am confident we could have passed through Pall-Mall or St. James's Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and seen less of human nature.

O! there is that sprightly frankness which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dress—that whatever is beneath it, it looks so like the simplicity which poets sing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is so.

'Twas in the road betwixt Nismes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France, and which, by the by, belongs to the honest canons of MONTPELLIER—and foul befall the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

—The sun was set—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh—and the swains were preparing for

a carousal—My mule made a dead point—
'Tis the fife and tabourin, said I—I'm
frighten'd to death, quoth he—They are
running at the ring of pleasure, said I,
giving him a prick—By saint Boogar, and
all the saints at the backside of the door
of Purgatory, said he—(making the same
resolution with the abbess of Andoüillets)
I'll not go a step further--'Tis very well,
Sir, said I—I never will argue a point
with one of your family, as long as I
live; so leaping off his back, and kicking
off one boot into this ditch, and t'other
into that—I'll take a dance, said I—so
stay you here.

A sun-burnt daughter of Labour arose up
from the groupe to meet me as I advanced
towards them; her hair, which was a dark
chestnut, approaching rather to a black,
was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

We want a cavalier, said she, holding
out both her hands, as if to offer them—
And a cavalier ye shall have, said I,
taking hold of both of them.

Hadst thou, Nannette, been array'd like
a duchesse!

—But that cursed slit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank—Tie me up this tress instantly, said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand—It taught me to forget I was a stranger—The whole knot fell down—We had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—"the deuce take that flit!"

The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice from heaven, sung alternately with her brother—'twas a Gascoigne roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!

FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs join'd in unison, and their swains an octave below them.—

I would have given a crown to have it sew'd up—Nannette would not have given a sous—*Viva la joia!* was in her lips—*Viva la joia!* was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us—She look'd amiable!—Why could I not live and end my days thus? Just disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here—and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious—Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; so changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier——from thence to Pefcnas, Beziers—I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcasson, and Castle Naudairy, till at last I danced myself into Perdrillo's pavillon, where pulling a paper of black lines, that I might go on straight forwards, without digression or parenthesis, in my uncle Toby's amours—

I begun thus—

End of the Seventh Volume.

I would have given a crown to have
 low'd up—Nonsense would not have given
 a hour—'Twas a joy, was in her eyes—
 'Twas a joy, was in her eyes. A transient
 spark of unity that set the space between
 us—She look'd amiable!—Why could
 I not live and end my days there? But
 Siphon of sorrows and sorrows, crying,
 why could not a man be down in the
 of content here—and dance, and sing,
 say his prayers, and go to heaven with
 this poor brown maid? Capriciously did she
 bend her head on one side, and dance
 up—pious—Then her time to dance
 quick! to changing only partners and
 times, I danced it away from Lancelot
 Lancelot—then I danced it to Lancelot
 Lancelot—I danced it along through the
 pines, Carillon, and Castle Bannock
 till at last I danced myself into Fort
 Lancelot, where pulling a paper of stars
 lines, that I might go on knight-errand
 without digestion or penitence, in my
 uncle Toby's armour—

End of the Second Volume.

THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

*Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus
ipsum est.*

PLIN. Lib. V. Ep. VI.

V O L. VIII.

THE
LIFE
AND
OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Now and then executed his duty, but more
often off.
Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall Mall.

VOL. III.

T H E
LIFE and OPINIONS
O F
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

C H A P. I.

—BUT softly—for in these sportive plains, and under this genial sun, where at this instant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken the judgment is surprised by the imagination, I defy, notwithstanding all that has been said upon *straight lines** in sundry pages of my book—I defy the best cabbage-planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to answer

* See Vol. VI. page 226.

for in the one case than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical distances, especially if flits in petticoats are unsew'd up—without ever and anon straddling out, or fiddling into some bastardly digression—In Freezeland, Fogland and some other lands I wot of—it may be done.

But in this clear climate of fantasy and perspiration, where every idea, sensible, and insensible, gets vents—in this land, my dear Eugenius—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now sit, unskrewing my ink-horn to write my uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of JULIA's track in quest of her DIEGO, in full view of my study-window—if thou comest not and takest me by the hand—

What a work is it likely to turn out?
Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM—

—But now I am talking of beginning a

book and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day)—I'll just mention it, and begin in good earnest.

The thing is this.

That all of the several ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best——I'm sure it is the most religious—for I begin with writing the first sentence—and trusting to Almighty God for the second.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuss and folly of opening his street-door, and calling in his neighbours and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, etc. only to observe how one sentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up—catching the

idea, even sometimes before it halfway reaches me— —

I believe in my conscience I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his portrait* are fools to me—
no martyr is ever so full of faith or fire—
I wish I could say of good works too—
but I have no

Zeal or Anger— —or

Anger or Zeal— —

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the same name—the arrantest TARTUFFE in science—in politics—or in religion, shall never kindle a spark within me, or have a worse word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

C H A P. III.

— — *Bon jour!* good morrow!—so you have got your cloak on betimes!—but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted,

* Vide Pope's Portrait.

than go o'foot—and obstructions in the glands are dangerous—And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o'both sides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your sister, aunt, uncle and cousins—I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, stranguries, sciaticas, swellings, and sore eyes.—What a devil of an apothecary! to take so much blood—give such a vile purge—puke—poultice—plaister—night-draught—glister—blister?—And why so many grains of calomel? Santa Maria! and such a dose of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail—By my great aunt Dinah's old black velvet mask! I think there was no occasion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* she was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK afresh, was more than the mask was worth—and to wear a mask which was bald, or which could be half seen through, was as bad as having no mask at all—

This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for these four generations, we count no more than one archbishop, a Welsh judge, some three or four aldermen, and a single mountebank—

In the sixteenth century we boast of no less than a dozen alchymists.

CHAP. IV.

“IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom”—the suffering party is at least the *third*, but generally the last in the house who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and so long, as what in this vessel of the human frame, is *Love*—maybe *Hatred*, in that—*Sentiment* half a yard higher—and *Nonsense*—no, Madam,—not there—I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my fore-finger—how can we help ourselves?

Of all mortal and immortal men too, if you please, whoever soliloquized upon this mystic subject, my uncle Toby was

the worst fitted to have pushed his researches through such a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worse matters, to see what they would turn out—had not Bridget's prenotification of them to Susannah, and Susannah's repeated manifestoes thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my uncle Toby to look into the affair.

C H A P. V.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from some ailment in the *foot*)—should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart in secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a professed one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predicament: not that, at first sight, there is any consequence, or shew of logic in it, "That a rill of cold water dribbling through my

Tristram Shandy, Vol. VIII. K

inward parts, should light up a torch in my Jenny's—"

—The proposition does not strike on; on the contrary, it seems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects—

But it shews the weakness and imbecillity of human reason.

—"And in perfect good health with it?"

—The most perfect—Madam, that friendship herself could wish me.

—"And drink nothing!—nothing but water?"

—Impetuous fluid! the moment thou presteest against the flood-gates of the brain—see how they give way!—

In swims CURIOSITY, beckoning to her damsels to follow—they dive into the centre of the current—

FANCY sits musing upon the bank, and with her eyes following the stream, turns straws and bulrushes into masts and bowsprits—And DESIRE, with vest held up to the knee in one hand, snatches at them, as they swim by her, with the other—

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this delusive fountain, that ye have so often

governed and turned this world about like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent—bepowdering their ribs—bepeppering their noses, and changing sometimes even the very frame and face of nature—

—If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius—And, if I was you, Yorick, replied Eugenius, so would I.

Which shews they had both read Longinus—

For my own part, I am resolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

CHAP. VI.

I WISH my uncle Toby had been a water-drinker; for then the thing had been accounted for, That the first moment Widow Wadman saw him, she felt something stirring within her in his favour—Something!—something.

—Something perhaps more than friendship—less than love—something—no matter what—no matter where—I would not

give a single hair of my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself (indeed the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your worships into the secret—

But the truth is, my uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mixed, or any how, or any where, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had—or during the time he was under cure; when the surgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them sooner into contact—my uncle Toby drank it for quietness sake.

Now as all the world knows, that no effect in nature can be produced without a cause; and as it is as well known, that my uncle Toby was neither a weaver—a gardener, or a gladiator—unless as captain, you will needs have him one—but then he was only a captain of foot—and besides the whole is an equivocation—There is nothing left for us to suppose, but that my uncle Toby's leg—but that will avail us little in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded from some

ailment *in the foot*—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any disorder in his foot— —for my uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little stiff and awkward, from a total disuse of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's house in town; but it was plump and muscular, and in all other respects as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or passage of my life, where my understanding was more at a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the service of the chapter following it, than in the present case: one would think I took a pleasure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make fresh experiments in getting out of 'em—Inconsiderate soul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable distresses with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemmed in on every side of thee— are they, Tristram, not sufficient, but thou must entangle thyself still more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou hast ten cart-loads of thy

fifth and sixth volumes still—still unfold, and art almost at thy wit's ends how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile asthma thou gattest in skating against the wind in Flanders? and it is but two months ago, that in a fit of laughter, on seeing a cardinal make water like a quirister (with both hands) thou brakest a vessel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou lost as many quarts of blood; and hadst thou lost as much more, did not the faculty tell thee—it would have amounted to a gallon?—

C H A P. VII.

—BUT for heaven's sake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons—let us take the story straight before us; it is so nice and intricate a one, it will scarce bear the transposition of a single tittle; and some how or other you have got me thrust almost into the middle of it—

—I beg we may take more care.

C H A P. VIII.

MY uncle Toby and the corporal had posted down with so much heat and precipitation, to take possession of the spot of ground we had so often spoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the rest of the allies; that they had forgot one of the most necessary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's spade, a pick-ax, or a shovel—

—It was a bed to lie on: so that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurnished, and the little inn where poor Le Fever died, not yet built; my uncle Toby was constrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. Wadman's for a night or two, till corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, sempster, surgeon and engineer, superadded that of an excellent upholsterer too) with the help of a carpenter and a couple of tailors, constructed one in my uncle Toby's house.

A daughter of Eve, for such was widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—“*That she was a perfect woman;*”
had better be fifty leagues off—or in her
warm bed—or playing with a case-knife—
or any thing you please—than make a
man the object of her attention, when the
house and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and
in broad day-light, where a woman has
a power, physically speaking, of viewing
a man in more lights than one—but here,
for her soul, she can see him in no light,
without mixing something of her own
goods and chattels along with him—till
by reiterated acts of such combinations,
he gets foisted into her inventory—

—And then good night.

But this is no matter of **SYSTEM**; for
I have delivered that above—nor is it
matter of **BREVIARY**—for I make no man’s
creed but my own—nor matter of **FACT**—
at least that I know of; but ’tis matter
copulative and introductory to what fol-
lows.

C H A P. IX.

I DO not speak it with regard to the coarseness or cleanness of them—or the strength of their gullets—but pray do not night-shifts differ from day-shifts as much in this particular, as in any thing else in the world, That they so far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall almost as much below the feet, as the day-shifts fall short of them.

Widow Wadman's night-shifts (as was the mode I suppose in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut however after this fashion; and if the fashion is changed, (for in Italy they are come to nothing)—so much the worse for the public; they were two Flemish ells and a half in length, so that allowing a moderate woman two ells, she had half an ell to spare, to do what she would with.

Now from one little indulgence gained after another, in the many bleak and decemberly nights of a seven years widowhood, things had insensibly come to this pass, and for the two last years had got

established into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—That as soon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs stretched down to the bottom of it, of which she always gave Bridget notice—Bridget, with all suitable decorum, having first opened the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we are speaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furthest extension, and then contracted it again side-long by four or five even plaits, she took a large corking-pin out of her sleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinned the plaits all fast together a little above the hem; which done, she tucked all in tight at the feet, and wished her mistress a good night.

This was constant, and without any other variation than this; that on shivering tempestuous nights, when Bridget untucked the feet of the bed, *etc.* to do this—she consulted no thermometer but that of her own passions, and so performed it standing—kneeling—or squatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope,

and charity, she was in, and bore towards her mistress that night. In every other respect the *etiquette* was sacred, and might have vied with the most mechanical one of the most inflexible bed-chamber in Christendom.

The first night, as soon as the corporal had conducted my uncle Toby up stairs, which was about ten—Mrs. Wadman threw herself into her arm-chair, and crossing her left knee with her right, which formed a resting place for her elbow, she reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both sides of the question.

The second night she went to her bureau, and having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of fresh candles, and leave them upon the table, she took out her marriage settlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the last of my uncle Toby's stay) when Bridget had pulled down the night-shift, and was essaying to stick in the corking-pin—

—With a kick of both heels at once,

but at the same time the most natural kick that could be kicked in her situation—for supposing *** **** to be the sun in its meridian, it was a north-east kick—she kicked the pin out of her fingers— — the *etiquette* which hung upon it, down—down it fell to the ground, and was shivered into a thousand atoms.

From all which it was plain that widow Wadman was in love with my uncle Toby.

C H A P. X.

MY uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matters, so that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were settled, that he found leisure to return to this.

This made an armistice (that is speaking with regard to my uncle Toby— — but with respect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy,)—of almost eleven years. But in all cases of this nature, as it is the second blow, happen at what distance of time it will, which makes the fray—I choose for that reason to call these the amours of my uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, ra-

ther than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my uncle Toby.

This is not a distinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of an *old hat cocked*——and a *cocked old hat*, about which your reverences have so often been at odds with one another—but there is a difference here in the nature of things—

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XI.

NOW as widow Wadman did love my uncle Toby—and my uncle Toby did not love widow Wadman, there was nothing for widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my uncle Toby—or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one nor the other—

—Gracious Heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myself; for whenever it so falls out, which it sometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfast

for her— —and that she careth not three half-pence whether I eat my breakfast or no— —

—Curse on her! and so I send her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and so on to the devil: in short, there is not an infernal nitch where I do not take her divinityship and stick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the passions in these tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I instantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky-way— —

Brightest of stars! thou wilt shed thy influence upon some one—

—The deuce take her and her influence too— for at that word I lose all patience—much good may it do him!— — By all that is hirsute and ghastly! I cry, taking off my furred cap, and twisting it round my finger—I would not give sixpence for a dozen such!

—But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and pressing it close to my ears)—and warm—and soft; especially if you stroke it the right way—but alas!

that will never be my luck—(so here my philosophy is shipwrecked again).

—No; I shall never have a finger in the pye, (so here I break my metaphor)

Crust and crumb.

Inside and out.

Top and bottom—I detest it, I hate it, I repudiate it—I'm sick at the sight of it—

'Tis all pepper,
garlic,
staragan,
salt, and

devil's dung.—By the great archcook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but sit down by the fire-side, and invent inflammatory dishes for us, I would not touch it for the world.

— — O Tristram! Tristram! cried Jenny.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and so went on with the twelfth chapter.

C H A P. XII.

— — “Not touch it for the world?” — —
did I say — —

Lord! how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

C H A P. XIII.

WHICH shews, let your reverences and worships say what you will of it (for as for *thinking*——all who *do* think—think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)—Love is certainly, at least alphabetically speaking, one of the most

A gitating

B ewitching

C onfounded

D evilish affairs of life—the most

E xtravagant

F utilitous

G alligaskinish

H andy-dandyish

I racundulous (there is no K to it) and

L yrical of all human passions; at the
same time the most

M isgiving

N innyhammering

O bstipating

P ragmatical

S tridulous

R idiculous—though by the by the R should have gone first.—But in short, 'tis of such a nature, as my father once told my uncle Toby upon the close of a long dissertation upon the subject—“You can scarce,” said he, “combine two ideas together upon it, brother Toby, without an hypallage.”—What's that? cried my uncle Toby.

The cart before the horse, replied my father.—

—And what has he to do there? cried my uncle Toby.

Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in—or let it alone.

Now widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She stood, however, ready harnessed and caparisoned at all points to watch accidents.

C H A P. XIV.

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of widow Wadman and

my uncle Toby, had, from the first creation of matter and motion, (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind) established such a chain of causes and effects hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other house in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Christendom, but the very house and garden which join'd and laid parallel to Mrs. Wadman's; this, with the advantage of a thickset arbour in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the occasions into her hands which Lovemilitancy wanted; she could observe my uncle Toby's motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the sentry-box; and sometimes out of gratitude, to make the attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle Toby up in the very sentry-box itself.

C H A P. XV.

IT is a great pity—but 'tis certain from every day's observation of man, that he may be set on fire like a candle, at either end—provided there is a sufficient wick standing out; if there is not—there's an end of the affair; and if there is—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortune generally to put out itself—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myself—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast—I would oblige a housewife constantly to light me at the top; for then I should burn down decently to the socket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and so on by the miserable veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral insertions of the intestines and their tunics, to the blind gut.—

—I beseech you, doctor Slop, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a discourse

with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me—I beseech you, quoth my uncle Toby, to tell me which is the blind gut; for old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

The *blind gut*, answered doctor Slop, lies betwixt the *ilion* and *colon*—

—In a man? said my father.

—’Tis precisely the same, cried doctor Slop, in a woman.—

That’s more than I know, quoth my father.

C H A P. XVI.

—AND so to make sure of both systems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my uncle Toby neither at this end or that; but, like a prodigal’s candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of Venice to the Tower of London (exclusive), if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for seven years together, and with Bridget to help her, she could not have found any one

blind or *mantelet* so fit for her purpose, as that which the expediency of my uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you—but I don't know—possibly I have—be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things, which a man had better do over again, than dispute about it—That whatever town or fortrefs the corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaign, my uncle Toby always took care on the inside of his sentry-box which was towards his left-hand, to have a plan of the place, fasten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, etc. . . . as occasions required; so that when an attack was resolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the sentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the same movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with outstretched neck meeting it half way, —to advance it towards her; on,

which my uncle Toby's passions were sure to catch fire—for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe, in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point;—the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs. Wadman's next stroke of generalship—which was, to take my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as soon as she possibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more distinctly at some redoubt or breast-work in the map, she would effect before my uncle Toby (poor soul!) had well marched above half a dozen toises with it.

—It obliged my uncle Toby to make use of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this; That in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her forefinger against the end of my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, she might have travelled with it, along the lines, from Dan to Beersheba, had my uncle Toby's lines reached so far, without any effect: for

as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no sentiment—it could neither give fire by pulsation—or receive it by sympathy—’twas nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle Toby’s forefinger with hers, close through all the little turns and indentings of his works—pressing sometimes against the side of it—then treading upon its nail—then tripping it up—then touching it here—then there, and so on—it set something at least in motion.

This, though slight skirmishing, and at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it, close to the side of the sentry-box, my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manoeuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her’s close beside it; this at once opened a communication, large enough for any sentiment to pass or repass, which a person skill’d in the elementary and practical part of love making has occasion for.—

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle Toby's—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action—and the forefinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle Toby! was never now in its right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up, or, with the gentlest pushings, protrusions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving—to get it press'd a hair-breadth of one side out of her way.

Whilst this was doing, how could she forget to make him sensible, that it was her leg (and no one's else) at the bottom of the sentry-box, which slightly press'd against the calf of his—So that my uncle Toby being thus attacked and fore push'd on both his wings—was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his center into disorder?—

—The deuce take it! said my uncle Toby.

C H A P. XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which history is full of, and from the same reasons. A general looker-on would scarce allow them to be attacks at all—or if he did, would confound them all together.—But I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so, whilst I have power to preserve any thing); upon the lower corner of which, on the right-hand side, there is still remaining the marks of a snuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reason in the world to imagine, were Mrs. Wadman's; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my uncle Toby's,

is absolutely clean. This seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are vestigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are unquestionably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box.—

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relic, with its *stigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relics of the Romish church, — always excepting when I am writing upon these matters, the pricks which entered the flesh of St. Radagunda in the desert, which in your road from FESSE to CLUNY, the nuns of that name will shew you for love.

C H A P. XVIII.

I Think, an' please your honour, quoth Trim, the fortifications are quite destroyed—and the bason is upon a level with the mole.—I think so too; replied my uncle Toby with a sigh half suppress'd—but step into the parlour, Trim, for the stipulation—it lies upon the table.

It has lain there these six weeks, replied

the corporal, till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it.—

—Then, said my uncle Toby, there is no farther occasion for our services. The more, an' please your honour, the pity, said the corporal; in uttering which he cast his spade into the wheelbarrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-ax, his pioneer's shovel, his picquets and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field—when a heigh ho! from the sentry-box, which, being made of thin slit deal, reverberated the sound more sorrowfully to his ear, forbad him.

—No, said the corporal to himself, I'll do it before his honour rises to-morrow morning; so taking his spade out of the wheelbarrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level something at the foot of the glacis—but with a real intent to approach nearer to his master, in order to divert him—he losen'd a sod or two—pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two

with the back of it, he sat himself down close by my uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows;

C H A P. XIX.

IT was a thousand pities—though I believe, an' please your honour, I am going to say but a foolish kind of a thing for a soldier—

A soldier, cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters.—But not so often, and please your honour, replied the corporal—My uncle Toby gave a nod.

It was a thousand pities then, said the corporal, casting his eye upon Dunkirk, and the mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Asia (when he sailed from Aegina towards Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyreus—

—“It was a thousand pities, an' please your honour, to destroy these works—and a thousand pities to have let them stand.”—

—Thou art right, Trim, in both cases:

said my uncle Toby—This, continued the corporal, is the reason, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end—I have never once whistled, or sung, or laugh'd; or cry'd or talk'd of pass'd-done deeds, or told your honour one story good or bad.—

—Thou hast many excellencies, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and I hold it not the least of them, as thou happenest to be a story-teller, that of the number thou hast told me, either to amuse me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones—thou hast seldom told me a bad one.—

—Because, an' please your honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his seven castles*,—they are all true; for they are about myself.

I do not like the subject the worse, Trim, said my uncle Toby, on that score. But prithee what is this story? thou hast excited my curiosity.

I'll tell it your honour, quoth the corporal directly—Provided, said my uncle Toby, looking earnestly towards Dunkirk and the mole again—provided it is not a merry one; to such, Trim, a man should

ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him; and the disposition I am in at present would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy story—It is not a merry one by any means, replied the corporal—Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle Toby—It is neither the one nor the other, replied the corporal, but will suit your honour exactly.—Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle Toby, so prithee begin it, Trim.

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero-cap with grace—or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is sitting squat upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the corporal was wont, yet by suffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his master, to slip backward upon the grass, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater sweep—and by an unforced compression, at the same time, of his cap with the thumb and the two forefingers of his left, by which the diameter of the

cap became reduced, so that it might be said, rather to be insensibly squeezed—than pulled off with a flatus—the corporal acquitted himself of both, in a better manner than the posture of his affairs promised; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his story would best go, and best suit his master's humour—he exchanged a single look of kindness with him, and set off thus.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

TH E R E was a certain King of Bo—he.

As the corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a single moment; he had set out bareheaded, having since he pull'd off his Montero-cap in the latter end of the last chapter, left it lying beside him on the ground.

—The eye of goodness espieth all things—so that before the corporal had well got through the first five words of his story, had my uncle Toby twice touch'd his Montero-cap with the end of his cane,

interrogatively—as much as to say, Why don't you put it on, Trim? Trim took it up with the most respectful slowness, and casting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being dismally tarnish'd and fray'd moreover in some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of the pattern, he laid it down again betwixt his two feet, in order to moralize upon the subject.

—'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle Toby, that thou art about to observe—

“Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to last for ever.”

—But when tokens, dear Tom, of thy love and remembrance wear out, said Trim, what shall we say?

There is no occasion, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, to say any thing else; and was a man to puzzle his brains till Doom's-day, I believe, Trim, it would be impossible.

The corporal perceiving my uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without

farther attempting it, he put it on; and passing his hand across his forehead to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between them had engendered, he returned with the same look and tone of voice, to his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

The story of the King of Bohemia
and his seven castles, continued.

THERE was a certain King of Bohemia, but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your honour.—

I do not desire it of thee, Trim, by any means, cried my uncle Toby.

—It was a little before the time, an' please your honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding;—but in what year of our Lord that was—

—I would not give a halfpenny to know, said my uncle Toby.

—Only, an' please your honour, it makes a story look the better in the face.—

'Tis thy own, Trim, so ornament it after thy own fashion; and take any date, continued my uncle Toby, looking plea-

santly upon him—take any date in the whole world thou choosest, and put it to—thou art heartily welcome.—

The corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the first creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt—and throughout all the Dynasties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Christ, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his story—had my uncle Toby subjected this vast empire of time and all its abysses at his feet; but as MODESTY scarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himself, with the very *worst year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very flesh off your bones in contestation, “Whether that year is not always the last cast-year of the last cast-almanac”

—I tell you plainly it was; but from a different reason than you wot of.—

—It was the year next him—which being the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twelve, when the duke of Ormond was playing the devil in Flanders—the corporal took it, and set out with it afresh on his expedition to Bohemia.

The story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles, continued.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and twelve, there was, an' please your honour—

—To tell thee truly, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, any other date would have pleased me much better, not only on account of the sad stain upon our history that year, in marching off our troops, and refusing to cover the siege of Quesnoi, though Fagel was carrying on the works with such incredible vigour—but likewise on the score, Trim, of thy own story; because if there are—and which, from what thou hast dropt, I partly suspect to be the fact—if there are giants in it—

There is but one, an' please your honour.—

—'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle Toby—thou should'st have carried him back some seven or eight hundred years out of harms way, both of critics and other people; and therefore I would advise thee, if ever thou tellest it again—

—If I live, an' please your honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child—Poo——poo! said my uncle Toby—but with accents of such sweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his story with more alacrity than ever.

The story of the King of Bohemia
and his seven castles, continued.

THERE was, an' please your honour, said the corporal, raising his voice and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together as he began, a certain King of Bohemia—

—Leave out the date entirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaning forwards,

and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's shoulder to temper the interruption—leave it out entirely, Trim: a story passes very well without these niceties, unless one is pretty sure of 'em—Sure of 'em! said the corporal, shaking his head—

Right; answered my uncle Toby, it is not easy, Trim, for one bred up as thou and I have been to arms, who seldom looks farther forward than to the end of his musket, or backwards beyond his knapsack, to know much about this matter—God bless your honour! said the corporal, won by the manner of my uncle Toby's reasoning, as much as by the reasoning itself; he has something else to do; if not on action, or a march, or upon duty in his garrison—he has his firelock, an' please your honour, to furbish—his accoutrements to take care of—his regimentals to mend—himself to shave and keep clean, so as to appear always like what he is upon the parade; what business, added the corporal triumphantly, has a soldier, an' please your honour, to know any thing at all of *geography*?

—Thou would'st have said *chronology*,

Trim, said my uncle Toby; for as for geography, 'tis of absolute use to him; he must be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profession carries him; he should know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow-ways which lead up to them; there is not a river or a rivulet he passes, Trim, but he should be able at first sight to tell thee what is its name—in what mountains it takes its rise—what is its course—how far it is navigable—where fordable—where not; he should know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to describe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and morasses, through and by which his army is to march; he should know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their seasons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their customs, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it else to be conceived, corporal,

continued my uncle Toby, rising up in his sentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his discourse—how Marlborough could have marched his army from the banks of the Maes to Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpenord—(here the corporal could sit no longer) from Kerpenord, Trim, to Kalfaken; from Kalfaken to Newdorf; from Newdorf to Landenbourg; from Landenbourg to Mildenheim, from Mildenheim to Elchingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from Balmerchoffen to Skellenburg, where he broke in upon the enemy's works; forced his passage over the Danube; cross'd the Lech—pushed on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through Friburg, Hokenwert, and Schonevelt, to the plains of Blenheim and Hochstet—Great as he was, corporal, he could not have advanced a step, or made one single day's march without the aids of *Geography*—As for *Chronology*, I own, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, sitting down again coolly in his sentry-box, that of all others, it seems a science which a soldier might best spare, was it not for

the lights which that science must one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renversing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new aera to us of military improvements, changing so totally the nature of attacks and defences both by sea and land, and awakening so much art and skill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in ascertaining the precise time of its discovery, or too inquisitive in knowing what great man was the discoverer, and what occasions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle Toby, what historians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wenceslaus, son of Charles the fourth—a certain priest, whose name was Schwartz, shew'd the use of powder to the Venetians, in their wars against the Genoese; but 'tis certain he was not the first; because if we are to believe Don Pedro the bishop of Leon—How came priests and bishops, an' please your honour, to trouble their heads so much about gunpowder? God knows, said my uncle To-

by — his providence brings good out of every thing—and he avers, in his chronicle of King Alphonfus, who reduced Toledo, That in the year 1343, which was full thirty-seven years before that time, the secret of powder was well known, and employed with success, both by Moors and Christians, not only in their sea combats, at that period, but in many of their most memorable sieges in Spain and Barbary—And all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expressly about it, and had generously given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was born — And that the Chinese, added my uncle Toby, embarrass us, and all accounts of it still more, by boasting of the invention some hundreds of years even before him—

—They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried Trim—

—They are some how or other deceived, said my uncle Toby, in this matter, as is plain to me from the present miserable state of military architecture amongst them; which consists of nothing more than a

fossè with a brick wall without flanks—and for what they give us as a bastion at each angle of it, 'tis so barbarously constructed, that it looks for all the world—Like one of my seven castles, an' please your honour, quoth Trim.

My uncle Toby, though in the utmost distress for a comparison, most courteously refused Trim's offer—till Trim telling him, he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands—my uncle Toby was so touched with the pleasantry of heart of the corporal—that he discontinued his dissertation upon gunpowder—and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

The story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles, continued.

THIS *unfortunate* King of Bohemia, said Trim—Was he unfortunate then? cried my uncle Toby, for he had been so wrapt up in his dissertation upon gunpowder and other military affairs, that though he had desired the corporal

to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not so strong upon his fancy, as to account for the epithet—Was he *unfortunate* then, Trim? said my uncle Toby, pathetically—The corporal, wishing first the *word* and all its synonymas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's story: from every one of which, it appearing that he was the most fortunate man that ever existed in the world—it put the corporal to a stand; for not caring to retract his epithet—and less, to explain it—and least of all, to twist his tale (like men of lore) to serve a system—he looked up in my uncle Toby's face for assistance—but seeing it was the very thing my uncle Toby sat in expectation of himself—after a hum and a haw he went on—

The King of Bohemia, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus—That taking great pleasure and delight in navigation and all sort of sea affairs—and there happening throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia, to be no sea-port town whatever—

How the deuce should there — Trim? cried my uncle Toby; for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happen'd no otherwise — — It might, said Trim, if it had pleased God —

My uncle Toby never spoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and hesitation —

— I believe not, replied my uncle Toby, after some pause — for being inland, as I said, and having Silesia and Moravia to the east; Lusatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the west; and Bavaria to the south: Bohemia could not have been propelled to the sea, without ceasing to be Bohemia — nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and destroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence against it — Scandalous! cried Trim — Which would bespeak, added my uncle Toby, mildly, such a want of compassion in him who is the father of it — that, I think, Trim — the thing could have happen'd no way.

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction, and went on.

Now the King of Bohemia with his queen and courtiers *happening* one fine summer's evening to walk out— —Aye! there the word *happening* is right, Trim, cried my uncle Toby; for the King of Bohemia and his queen might have walked out, or let it alone;—'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen, or not, just as chance ordered it.

King William was of an opinion, an' please your honour, quoth Trim, that every thing was predestined for us in this world; insomuch that he would often say to his soldiers, that "every ball had its billet." He was a great man, said my uncle Toby— And I believe, continued Trim, to this day, that the shot which disabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee for no other purpose, but to take me out of his service, and place me in your honour's, where I should be taken so much better care of in my old age—It shall never, Trim, be construed otherwise, said my uncle Toby.

The heart both of the master and the man, were alike subject to sudden overflowings;—a short silence ensued.

Besides, said the corporal, resuming the discourse—but in a gayer accent—if it had not been for that single shot, I had never, an' please your honour, been in love—

So thou wast once in love, Trim? said my uncle Toby, smiling—

Souse! replied the corporal—over head and ears! an' please your honour. Prithee when? where?—and how came it to pass?—I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle Toby.—I dare say, answered Trim, that every drummer and serjeant's son in the regiment knew of it—It's high time I should—said my uncle Toby.

Your honour remembers with concern, said the corporal, the total rout and confusion of our camp and army at the affair of Landen; every one was left to shift for himself; and if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerspeeken, the king himself could scarce have gain'd it—he was press'd hard, as your honour knows, on every side of him—

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby,

caught up with enthusiasm—this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him to support the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis possible—I see him with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor Galway's regiment—riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it—Brave! brave, by Heaven! cried my uncle Toby, —he deserves a crown—As richly, as a thief a halter, shouted Trim.

My uncle Toby knew the corporal's loyalty;—otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind—it did not altogether strike the corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing, but his own safety—Though Talmash, said my uncle Toby, brought off the foot with great prudence—But I was left upon the field, said the corpo-

ral. Thou wast so, poor fellow! replied my uncle Toby—So that it was noon the next day, continued the corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.

There is no part of the body, an' please your honour, where a wound occasions more intolerable anguish than upon the knee— —

Except the groin; said my uncle Toby. An' please your honour, replied the corporal, the knee, in my opinion, must certainly be the most acute, there being so many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.

It is for that reason, quoth my uncle Toby, that the groin is infinitely more sensible—there being not only as many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems (for I know their names as little as thou dost)—about it—but moreover***—

Mrs. Wadman who had been all the time in her arbour—instantly stopped her breath—unpinned her mob at the chin, and stood up upon one leg— —

The dispute was maintained with ami-

cable and equal force betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim for some time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his master's sufferings, but never shed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my uncle Toby would not allow—'Tis a proof of nothing, Trim, said he, but the generosity of thy temper—

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (*caeteris paribus*) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee - or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin—are points which to this day remain unsettled.

C H A P. XX.

THE anguish of my knee, continued the corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me; so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care taken of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides—(Poor soul! said my uncle To-

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by) all together, an' please your honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropped it upon some sugar, and seeing it had cheered me, she had given it me a second and a third time——So I was telling her, an' please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was a good soul! as your honour, said the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle Toby.

'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your honour (sometimes) that is in the world.

By the persuasion of the young woman,

continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me: she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself—I found myself in a still, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipped in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant (for it was no inn)—so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wiped his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lisbon.

—I never told your honour that piteous story yet—here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.

The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room, to shew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little necessaries I

should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital—Come then! said she, tying up the little purse—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employed, I'll be your nurse too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead; she was one of those kind of nuns, an' please your honour, of which, your honour knows, there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go loose—By thy description, Trim, said my uncle Toby, I dare say she was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found any where but in the Spanish Netherlands—except at Amsterdam—they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the sick by profession—I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

—She often told me, quoth Trim, she did it for the love of Christ—I did not like it—I believe, Trim, we are both wrong, said my uncle Toby—we'll ask Mr. Yorick about it to-night at my brother Shandy's—so put me in mind; added my uncle Toby.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, had scarce given herself time to tell me “she would be my nurse,” when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me—and in a short time—though I thought it a long one—she came back with flannels, etc. and having fomented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, etc. and made me a thin bason of gruel for my supper—she wished me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.—She wished me, an' please your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made sad disturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it——and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with

her—The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, close by my bedside, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In truth she was scarce ever from me, and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room: and yet, continued the corporal, (making one of the strangest reflections upon it in the world)—

—“*It was not love*”—for during the three weeks she was almost constantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can honestly say, an’ please your honour—that ** *****
***** once.

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—

I think so too—said Mrs. Wadman.

It never did, said the corporal.

C H A P. XXI.

—BUT 'tis no marvel, continued the corporal—seeing my uncle Toby musing upon it—for Love, an' please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night,—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning—*It happened so here*, an' please your honour, with this difference only—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a *sifferara*—it burst upon me, an' please your honour, like a bomb—scarce giving me time to say, “God blefs me.”

I thought, Trim, said my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an' please your honour, if he is in the way of it—replied Trim.

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.

—With all pleasure, said the corporal, making a bow.

C H A P. XXII.

I HAD escaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestinated otherwise—there is no resisting our fate.

It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honour—

The old man and his wife had walked out—

Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house—

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard—

— — When the fair Beguine came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had been gone off for some time, but it was succeeded by an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it.

Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it—It only wants rubbing a little, said

the Beguine; so covering it with the bed-clothes, she began with the forefinger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her forefinger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger—and presently it was laid flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head that I should fall in love—I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had—I shall never, an' please your honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live—

—Not in that place; said my uncle Toby—

Though it was the most serious affair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear smiling.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me—from rubbing, for some time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length with three—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubbed.

with her whole hand; I will never say another word, an' please your honour, upon hands again—but it was softer than sattin—

—Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle Toby; I shall hear thy story with the more delight—The corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly; but having nothing to say upon the Beguine's hand, but the same over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, said the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I feared her zeal would weary her—"I would do a thousand times more," said she, "for the love of Christ"—In saying which she passed her hand across the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubbed it also.

I perceived, then, I was beginning to be in love.—

As she continued rub-rub rubbing—I felt it spread from under her hand, an' please your honour, to every part of my frame.—

The more she rubbed, and the longer

strokes she took—the more the fire kindled in my veins—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest—my passion rose to the highest pitch—I seized her hand—

—And then, thou clappedst it to thy lips, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—and madest a speech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle Toby described it, is not material; it is enough that it contain'd in it the essence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

C H A P. XXIII.

AS soon as the corporal had finished the story of his amour—or rather my uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, pass'd the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle Toby's sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a crisis to be let slip.—

—The attack was determin'd upon: it

was facilitated still more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-ax, the picquets and other military stores which lay scatter'd upon the ground where Dunkirk stood—The corporal had marched—the field was clear.

Now consider, Sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting or writing, or any thing else (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the PLAN of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, BY PLAN—Now the Plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of Dunkirk—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make: and besides, could she have gone upon it—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's in Trim's story—that just then, that particular attack, however successful before—became the most heartless attack that could be made.—

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had scarce open'd the wicker-gate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

—She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAP. XXIV.

—I AM half-distracted, captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box—a mote—or sand—or something—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine—do look into it—it is not in the white.—

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up—Do look into it—said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child looked into a raree shew-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

—If a man will be peeping of his own

accord into things of that nature—I've nothing to say to it.—

My uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian * Rhodope's besides him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty to get my uncle Toby, to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for by all the powers which the animate organ——Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as

* Rhodope Thracia tam inevitabili fascino instructa, tam exacte oculis intuens attraxit, ut si in illam quis incidisset, fieri non posset, quin caperetur—I know not who.

her right—there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opake matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine— —

— —If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer— thou art undone.

C H A P. XXV.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; that it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye— — and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

I protest, Madam, said my uncle Toby. I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; said Mrs. Wadman: my uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil——

Now of all the eyes, which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head——there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye, at which he was looking—It was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye sparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses—speaking—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse—but whispering soft—like the last low accents of an expiring saint—“How can you live comfortless, captain Shandy, and alone, without a

bosom to lean your head on— —or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

—It did my uncle Toby's business.

C H A P. XXVI.

TH**E**R**E** is nothing shews the characters of my father and my uncle Toby, in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment, under the same accident—for I call not love a misfortune, from a persuasion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it—Great God! what must my uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it.

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very subject to this passion, before he married—but from a little subacid kind of drollish impatience in his nature, whenever it beset him, he would never submit to it like a christian; but would pish, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bitterest Philippics against the eye that

ever man wrote—there is one in verse upon somebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his rest; which, in his first transport of resentment against it, he begins thus:

“A devil 'tis—and mischief such doth
work

“As never yet did *Pagan, Jew, or
Turk.*”*

In short, during the whole paroxysm, my father was all abuse and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction—only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy—for though my father, with the most intolerant spirit, would curse both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love—yet he never concluded his chapter of curses upon it, without cursing himself in at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools and coxcombs, he would say, that ever was let loose in the world.

* This will be printed with my father's life of Socrates, etc. etc.

My uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb—sat still and let the poison work in his veins without resistance—in the sharpest exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or discontented word—he blamed neither heaven nor earth—or thought or spoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it; he sat solitary and pensive with his pipe—looking at his lame leg—then whiffing out a sentimental heigh-ho! which mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb—I say.

In truth he had mistook it at first; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to save, if possible, a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor*; which said wood being in full view of my uncle Toby's house, and of singular service to him in his description of the battle of Wynnendale—by trotting on too hastily

* Mr. Shandy must mean the poor *in spirit*, inasmuch as they divided the money amongst themselves.

to save it—upon an uneasy saddle—worfe horse, etc. etc. . . it had so happened, that the serous part of the blood had got betwixt the two skins, in the nethermost part of my uncle Toby—the first shootings of which (as my uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the passion—till the blister breaking in the one case—and the other remaining—my uncle Toby was presently convinced, that his wound was not a skin-deep wound—but that it had gone to his heart.

C H A P. XXVII.

THE world is ashamed of being virtuous—My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore when he felt he was in love with widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gaped knife across his finger: Had it been otherwise—yet as he ever looked upon Trim as a humble friend; and saw fresh reasons every day of his life, to treat him as such—it would have made no variation

in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

“I am in love, corporal!” quoth my uncle Toby.

C H A P. XXVIII.

IN love!—said the corporal—your honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honour the story of the King of Bohemia—Bohemia! said my uncle Toby—musing a long time—What became of that story, Trim?

—We lost it, an’ please your honour, somehow betwixt us—but your honour was as free from love then, as I am—’Twas, just whilst thou went’st off with the wheelbarrow—with Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby—She has left a ball here—added my uncle Toby—pointing to his breast—

—She can no more, an’ please your honour, stand a siege, than she can fly—cried the corporal—

—But as we are neighbours, Trim,—the best way I think is to let her know it civilly first—quoth my uncle Toby.

Now if I might presume, said the corporal, to differ from your honour—

—Why else, do I talk to thee, Trim? said my uncle Toby, mildly—

—Then I would begin, an' please your honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return—and telling her civilly afterwards—for if she knows any thing of your honour's being in love, before-hand—L—d help her!—she knows no more at present of it, Trim, said my uncle Toby—than the child unborn.—

Precious souls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs. Bridget twenty-four hours before; and was at that very moment sitting in council with her, touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the Devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before he would allow half time, to get quietly through her, *Te Deum*.

I am terribly afraid, said widow Wadman, in case I should marry him, Bridget—that the poor captain will not enjoy his health, with the monstrous wound upon his groin—

It may not, Madam, be so very large, replied Bridget, as you think—and I believe besides, added she—that 'tis dried up—

—I could like to know—merely for his sake, said Mrs. Wadman.

—We'll know the long and the broad of it, in ten days—answered Mrs. Bridget, for whilst the captain is paying his addressee to you—I am confident Mr. Trim will be for making love to me— —and I'll let him as much as he will—added Bridget—to get it all out of him.—

The measures were taken at once—and my uncle Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the corporal, setting his left hand a kimbo, and giving such a flourish with his right, as just promised success—and no more—if your honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack—

—Thou wilt please me by it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, exceedingly—and as I foresee thou must act in it as my *aide de camp*, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to steep thy commission.

Then, an' please your honour, said the corporal (making a bow first for his commission)—we will begin with getting your honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign trunk, to be well aired, and have the blue and gold taken up at the sleeves—and I'll put your white ramillie-wig fresh into pipes—and send for a tailor, to have your honour's thin scarlet breeches turned—

—I had better take the red plush ones, quoth my uncle Toby.—They will be too clumsy—said the corporal.

C H A P. XXIX.

—**T**HOU wilt get a brush and a little chalk to my sword—'Twill be only in your honour's way, replied Trim.

C H A P. XXX.

—**B**UT your honour's two razors shall be new set—and I will get my Montero-cap furbished up, and put on poor lieutenant Le Fever's regimental coat, which your honour gave me to wear for his sake

—and as soon as your honour is clean shaved—and has got your clean shirt on, with your blue and gold, or your fine scarlet—sometimes one and sometimes t'other—and every thing is ready for the attack—we'll march up boldly, as if it was to the face of a bastion; and whilst your honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlour, to the right—I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; and having seized that pass, I'll answer for it, said the corporal, snapping his fingers over his head—that the day is our own.

I wish I may but manage it right; said my uncle Toby— —but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench—

—A woman is quite a different thing—said the corporal.

—I suppose so, quoth my uncle Toby.

C H A P. XXXI.

IF any thing in this world, which my father said, could have provoked my uncle Toby, during the time he was in love, it was the perverse use my father

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was always making of an expression of Hilarion the hermit; who, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion — — would say — — though with more facetiousness than became a hermit — — “That they were the means he used, to make his *afs* (meaning his body) leave off kicking.”

It pleased my father well; it was not only a laconic way of expression — — but of libelling, at the same time, the desires and appetites of the lower part of us; so that for many years of my father's life, 'twas his constant mode of expression — he never used the word *passions* once — but *afs* always instead of them — So that he might be said truly, to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own *afs*, or else of some other man's, during all that time.

I must here observe to you, the difference betwixt

My father's *afs*
and my hobby-horse — in order to keep characters as separate as may be, in our fancies as we go along.

For my hobby-horse, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of the ass about him—'Tis the sporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the present hour—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddlestick—an uncle Toby's siege—or an *any thing*, which a man makes a shift to get a stride on, to canter it away from the cares and solitudes of life—'Tis as useful a beast as is in the whole creation—nor do I really see how the world could do without it—

—But for my father's ass—oh! mount him—mount him—mount him—(that's three times, is it not?) mount him not:—'tis a beast concupiscent—and foul be-fal the man, who does not hinder him from kicking.

C H A P. XXXII.

WELL! dear brother Toby! said my father, upon his first seeing him after he fell in love—and how goes it with your ASSE?

Now my uncle Toby thinking more of

the *part* where he had the blister, than of Hilarion's metaphor—and our preconceptions having (you know) as great a power over the sounds of words as the shapes of things, he had imagined, that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had inquired after the part by its proper name; so notwithstanding my mother, doctor Slop, and Mr. Yorick, were sitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made use of than not. When a man is hemmed in by two indecorums, and must commit one of 'em—I always observe—let him choose which he will, the world will blame him—so I should not be astonished if it blames my uncle Toby.

My A—e, quoth my uncle Toby, is much better—brother Shandy—My father had formed great expectations from his Ass in this onset; and would have brought him on again; but doctor Slop setting up an intemperate laugh—and my mother crying out L—d bless us!—it drove my father's Ass off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no

bringing him back to the charge, for some time—

And so the discourse went on without him.

Every body, said my mother, says you are in love, brother Toby—and we hope it is true.

I am as much in love, sister, I believe, replied my uncle Toby, as any man usually is—Humph! said my father—And when did you know it? quoth my mother—

—When the blister broke; replied my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper—so he charged o'foot.

C H A P. XXXIII.

AS the ancients agree, brother Toby, said my father, that there are two different and distinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it—the Brain or Liver—I think when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to consider which of the two he is fallen into.

What signifies it, brother Shandy, replied my uncle Toby, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children.

—A few children! cried my father, rising out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and doctor Slop's—a few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby's words as he walked to and fro—

—Not, my dear brother Toby, cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to the back of my uncle Toby's chair—not that I should be sorry hadst thou a score—on the contrary I should rejoice—and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father—

My uncle Toby stole his hand unperceived behind his chair, to give my father's a squeeze—

—Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand—so much do'st thou possess, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and so little of its asperities—'tis piteous the world is

not peopled by creatures which resemble thee; and was I an Asiatic monarch, added my father, heating himself with his new project — I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy strength — or dry up thy radical moisture too fast — or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother Toby, which these gymnics inordinately taken, are apt to do — else, dear Toby, I would procure thee the most beautiful woman in my empire, and I would oblige thee *nolens, volens*, to beget for me one subject every *month* —

As my father pronounced the last word of the sentence — my mother took a pinch of snuff.

Now I would not, quoth my uncle Toby, get a child, *nolens, volens*, that is, whether I would or no, to please the greatest prince upon earth —

— And it would be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee: said my father — but 'tis a case put to shew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child — in case thou should'st be able — but the system of love and marriage thou goest upon, which I would set thee right in —

There is at least, said Yorick, a great deal of reason and plain sense in captain Shandy's opinion of love; and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life which I have to answer for, that I have read so many flourishing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract so much —

I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two Loves—I know there were two RELIGIONS, replied Yorick, amongst the ancients—one—for the vulgar, and another for the learned; but I think ONE LOVE might have served both of them very well —

It could not; replied my father—and for the same reasons: for of these Loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velasius, the one is *rational* —

—The other is *natural* — —
the first ancient—without mother—where Venus had nothing to do: the second, begotten of Jupiter and Dione —

—Pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, what has a man who believes in God to do with this? My father could not stop

to answer, for fear of breaking the thread of his discourse— —

This latter continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of Venus.

The first, which is the golden chain let down from heaven, excites to love heroic which comprehends in it, and excites to the desire of philosophy and truth—the second, excites to *desire*, simply—

— —I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, said Yorick, as the finding out the longitude— —

— —To be sure, said my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world— —

— —In the house—my dear, I own— It replenishes the earth; said my mother—

But it keeps heaven empty—my dear, replied my father.

— —'Tis Virginity, cried Slop, triumphantly, which fills paradise.

Well pushed, nun! quoth my father.

C H A P. XXXIV.

MY father had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a flashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and

Tristram Shandy. Vol. VIII. R

giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn—that if there were twenty people in company—in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of 'em against him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without any ally, was, that if there was any one post more untenable than the rest, he would be sure to throw himself into it; and to do him justice, when he was once there, he would defend it so gallantly, that it would have been a concern, either to a brave man, or a good-natured one, to have seen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reason, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's VIRGINITY, in the close of the last chapter, had got him for once on the right side of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Christendom about Slop's ears, when corporal Trim came into the parlour to inform my uncle Toby, that his thin scarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not

do; for that the tailor in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turned before.—Then turn them again, brother, said my father rapidly, for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair.—They are as rotten as dirt, said the corporal.—Then by all means, said my father, bespeak a new pair, brother—for though I know, continued my father, turning himself to the company, that widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has used every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the same passion, yet now that she has caught him—her fever will be pass'd its height—

—She has gain'd her point.

In this case, continued my father, which Plato, I am persuaded, never thought of—Love you see, is not so much a SENTIMENT as a SITUATION, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do, into a *corps*—no matter whether he loves the service or no—being once in it—he acts as if he did; and takes every step to shew himself a man of prowess.

The hypothesis, like the rest of my father's, was plausible enough, and my uncle Toby had but a single word to object to it—in which Trim stood ready to second him—but my father had not drawn his conclusion—

For this reason, continued my father, (stating the case over again) notwithstanding all the world knows, that Mrs. Wadman *affects* my brother Toby—and my brother Toby contrariwise *affects* Mrs. Wadman, and no obstacle in nature to forbid the music striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this self-same tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth—

We have taken our measures badly, quoth my uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.

I would lay my Montero-cap, said Trim—Now Trim's Montero cap, as I once told you, was his constant wager, and having furbish'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack—it made the odds look more considerable—I would lay, an' please your honour, my Montero-cap to a shilling—was it proper, continued Trim (making a bow) to offer a wager before your honours—

— — There is nothing improper in it, said my father— —'tis a mode of expression; for in saying thou would'st lay thy Montero-cap to a shilling—all thou meanest is this,—that thou believest—

—Now, what dost thou believe?

That widow Wadman, an' please your worship, cannot hold it out ten days—

And whence, cried Slop, jeeringly, hast thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?

By falling in love with a popish clergy-woman; said Trim.

'Twas a Beguine, said my uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath to listen to the distinction; and my father taking that very crisis to fall in helter-skelter upon the whole order of Nuns and Beguines, a set of silly, fussy baggages,—Slop could not stand it—and my uncle Toby having some measures to take about his breeches—and Yorick about his fourth general division—in order for their several attacks next day—the company broke up: and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hand betwixt that and bed-time; he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle Toby the following letter of instructions.

My dear brother Toby,

WHAT I am going to say to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee—though not so well for me—that thou hast occasion for a letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleasure of him who disposes of our lots—and thou no sufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou should'st have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myself; but that not being the case—Mrs. Shandy being now close beside me, preparing for bed—I have thrown together without order, and just as they have come into my mind, such hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee; intending, in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair—though I perceive from a glow in my cheek,

that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean, once at least every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; lest in taking off thy wig before her, through absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has been cut away by Time—how much by Trim.

—'Twere better to keep ideas of baldness out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind and act upon it, as a sure maxim, Toby—

“*That women are timid.*” And 'tis well they are—else there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loose about thy thighs, like the trunk-hose of our ancestors.

—A just medium prevents all conclusions.

Whatever thou hast to say, be it more or less, forget not to utter it in a low soft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight-secrecy into the brain: For this cause if thou canst help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the same time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are some devotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to read over——it will be well: but suffer her not to look into Rabelais, or Scarron, or Don Quixotte——

—They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knowest, dear Toby, that there is no passion so serious as lust.

Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt, before thou enterest her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to sit upon the

same sofa with her, and she gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon hers—beware of taking it—thou canst not lay thy hand on hers, but she will feel the temper of thine. Leave that and as many other things as thou canst quite undetermined; by so doing, thou wilt have her curiosity on thy side; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy Asse continues still kicking, which there is great reason to suppose—Thou must begin, with first losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

—Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the sirup of hellebore, using proper evacuations and purges—and I believe rightly. But thou must eat little or no goat's flesh, nor red deer—nor even foal's flesh by any means; and carefully abstain—that is, as much as thou canst, from peacocks, cranes, coots, dappers, and water-hens—

As for thy drink—I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion of VERVAIN, and

the herb HANEA, of which Aelian relates such effects—but if thy stomach palls with it—discontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purslane, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce, in the stead of them,

There is nothing farther for thee, which occurs to me at present—

—Unless the breaking out of a fresh war—So wishing every thing, dear Toby, for the best,

I rest thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

C H A P. XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of instructions, my uncle Toby and the corporal were busy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin scarlet breeches was laid aside (at least for the present) there was nothing which should put it off beyond the next morning; so accordingly it was resolved upon, for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, said my father to my mother—'twill be but like a brother and

After, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's—to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle Toby and the corporal had been accoutred both some time, when my father and mother entered, and the clock striking eleven, were that moment in motion to sally forth——but the account of this is worth more, than to be wove into the sag end of the eighth volume of such a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of instructions into my uncle Toby's coat-pocket—and join with my mother in wishing his attack prosperous.

I could like, said my mother, to look through the key-hole out of *curiosity*—Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father—

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

End of the Eighth Volume.

My uncle Toby and the corporal had been accounted both some time, when my father and mother entered, and the clock striking eleven, were that moment in motion to fully launch — but it's account of this is worth more, than to be woven into the rag and of the eighth volume attach a work as this — My father had no time but to put the letter of instructions into my uncle Toby's coat-pocket — and join with my mother in wishing his attack prot-

as you will, which took through the bar-hole as long
 as I could live, left my mother, to look
 through the key-hole out of curiosity—Call
 it by its right name, my dear, youth my
 father—

THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

*Si quid urbaniuscule lusum a nobis, per
Musas et charitatem et omnium poeta-
rum numina, Oro te, ne me male capias.*

V O L. IX.

THE
LIFE
OF
OPINIONS

OF
THE
GENTLEMAN

Si quis utrumque in se habet, per
habet et charitatem et continentiam
et temperantiam, et sic, in meo capite

VOL. IX.

THE
LIFE and OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which severally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witness, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's curiosity, as she stated the affair,—or a different impulse in her, as my father would have it—wished her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

“Call it, my dear, by its right name, quoth my father, and look through the key-hole as long as you will.”

Nothing but the fermentation of that

little subacid humour, which I have often spoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented such an insinuation— — he was however frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally swinging with her left arm twisted under his right, in such wise, that the inside of her hand rested upon the back of his—she raised her fingers, and let them fall—it could scarce be called a tap; or if it was a tap—it would have puzzled a casuist to say, whether it was a tap of remonstrance, or a tap of confession: my father, who was all sensibilities from head to foot, classed it right— — Conscience redoubled the blow, he turned his face suddenly the other way, and my mother supposing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a cross movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herself so far in front, that as he turned his head, he met her eye— — Confusion again! he saw a thou-

land reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself—a thin, blue, chill, pellucid crystal with all its humours so at rest, the least mote or speck of desire might have been seen at the bottom of it, had it existed—it did not—and how I happen to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes — — Heaven above knows—My mother—madam— —was so at no time, either by nature, by instigation, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humours from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts, which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one.—And as for my father's example! it was so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that it was the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head—Nature had done her part, to have spared him this trouble; and what was not a

little inconsistent, my father knew it. And here am I sitting, this 12th day of Aug. 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers, without either wig or cap on, a most tragicomical completion of his prediction, "That I should neither think, nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account."

The mistake of my father was in attacking my mother's motive, instead of the act itself: for certainly key holes were made for other purposes; and considering the act, as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was—it became a violation of nature; and was so far, you see, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your reverences, That key-holes are the occasions of more sin and wickedness, than all other holes in this world put together.

—Which leads me to my uncle Toby's amours.

C H A P. II.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle Toby's great ramillie wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business as one would have wished. The corporal, with cheary eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air—had SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile—it curled every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as soon have raised the dead.

Such it was—or rather such would it have seemed upon any other brow; but the sweet look of goodness which sat upon my uncle Toby's, assimilated every thing

around it so sovereignly to itself, and Nature had moreover wrote GENTLEMAN with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnished gold laced hat and huge cockade of flimsy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themselves, yet the moment my uncle Toby put them on, they became serious objects, and altogether seemed to have been picked up by the hand of Science to set him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle Toby's blue and gold—*had not Quantity in some measure been necessary to Grace*: in a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle Toby's life, for he seldom went farther than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them: the taking them up at the sleeves was of no advantage.—They were laced however down the back, and at the seams of the sides, etc. in the mode of King William's

reign; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallic, and doughty an air with them, that had my uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

As for the thin scarlet breeches, they had been unripped by the tailor between the legs, and left at *sixes* and *sevens*.--

—Yes, Madam,—but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before, and as there was no alternative in my uncle Toby's wardrobe, he sallied forth in the red plush.

The corporal had array'd himself in poor Le Fever's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbish'd up for the occasion, march'd three paces distant from his master: a whiff of military pride had puff'd out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that in a black leather thong clipp'd into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's stick—My uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.

—It looks well at least; quoth my father to himself.

C H A P. III.

MY uncle Toby turn'd his head more than once behind him, to see how he was supported by the corporal; and the corporal as oft as he did it, gave a slight flourish with his stick—but not vapouringly; and with the sweetest accent of most respectful encouragement, bid his honour “never fear.”

Now my uncle Toby did fear, and grievously too: he knew not (as my father had reproached him) so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his ease near any one of them—unless in sorrow or distress; then infinite was his pity; nor would the most courteous knight of romance have gone farther, at least upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked steadfastly into one; and would often tell my father in the simplicity of his heart, that it was almost (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy.—

—And suppose it is? my father would say.

C H A P. IV.

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle Toby, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door—She cannot, corporal, take it amiss—

—She will take it, an' please your honour, said the corporal, just as the Jew's widow at Lisbon took it of my brother Tom—

—And how was that? quoth my uncle Toby, facing quite about to the corporal.

Your honour, replied the corporal, knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any farther than this, That if Tom had not married the widow—or had it pleased God after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the inquisition.—'Tis a cursed place—added the corporal, shaking his head,—when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' please your honour, for ever.

'Tis very true, said my uncle Toby, looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's house, as he spoke.

Nothing, continued the corporal, can be so sad as confinement for life—or so sweet, an' please your honour, as liberty.

Nothing, Trim—said my uncle Toby, musing—

Whilst a man is free—cried the corporal, giving a flourish with his stick thus—



A thousand of my father's most subtle syllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My uncle Toby looked earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his story, and in this form of exorcism, most uneccllesiastically did the corporal do it.

C H A P. V.

AS Tom's place, an' please your honour, was easy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew who kept a sausage shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a frangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade—Tom thought (as every body in Lisbon was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on: so without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop—Tom set out—counting the matter thus within himself as he walked along; that let the work

some of it that could, he should at least get a pound of sausages for their worth—but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages—but a wife—and a sausage shop, an' please your honour, into the bargain.

Every servant in the family, from high to low, wish'd Tom success; and I can fancy, an' please your honour, I see him this moment with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and hat a little o'one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a cheerful word for every body he met:—But alas! Tom! thou smilest no more, cried the corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophized him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! said my uncle Toby, feelingly.

He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an' please your honour, as ever blood warm'd—

—Then he resembled thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby, rapidly.

The corporal blush'd down to his fin-

gers' ends—a tear of sentimental bashfulness—another of gratitude to my uncle Toby—and a tear of sorrow for his brother's misfortunes, started into his eye and ran sweetly down his cheek together; my uncle Toby's kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breast of Trim's coat (which had been that of Le Fever's) as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling—he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the Jew's widow.

C H A P. VI.

WHEN Tom, an' please your honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them—'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle Toby—she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy—

—She was good, an' please your ho-

nour, from nature as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said Trim; and some dismal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a part of it—

Then do not forget, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

A Negro has a soul? an' please your honour, said the corporal (doubtfully).

I am not much versed, corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me—

—It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would so; said my uncle Toby. Why then, an' please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby.—

—Only, cried the corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her—

—'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my

uncle Toby,—which recommends her to protection—and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*—where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly.

—God forbid, said the corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his story, and went on—but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many sudden transitions all along, from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the sportable key of his voice which gave sense and spirit to his tale: he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself; so giving a stout hem! to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding Nature at the same time with his left arm a-kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supporting her on the other—the corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude, continued his story.

C H A P. VII.

AS Tom, an' please your honour, had no business at that time with the Moorish girl, he passed on into the room beyond, to talk to the Jew's widow about love—and his pound of sausages; and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

There is nothing so awkward, as courting a woman, an' please your honour, whilst she is making sausages—So Tom began a discourse upon them; first gravely—“as how they were made—with what meats, herbs and spices”—Then a little gaily—as, “With what skins—and if they never burst—Whether the largest were not the best?”—and so on—taking care only as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages, rather under, than over;—that he might have room to act in—

It was owing to the neglect of that very

precaution, said my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's shoulder, That Count de la Motte lost the battle of Wynendale: he pressed too speedily into the wood; which if he had not done, Lisle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, which both followed her example; it was so late in the year, continued my uncle Toby, and so terrible a season came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops must have perished in the open field—

—Why, therefore, may not battles, an' please your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?—My uncle Toby mused.—

Religion inclined him to say one thing, and his high idea of military skill tempted him to say another; so not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind—my uncle Toby said nothing at all; and the corporal finished his story.

As Tom perceiv'd, an' please your honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had said upon the subject of savages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little making them.—First, by

taking hold of the ring of the sausage whilst she stroked the forced meat down with her hand—then by cutting the strings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilst she took them out one by one—then, by putting them across her mouth, that she might take them out as she wanted them—and so on from little to more, till at last he ventured to tie the sausage himself, whilst she held the snout.—

—Now a widow, an' please your honour, always chooses a second husband as unlike the first as she can: so the affair was more than half settled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

She made a feint however of defending herself, by snatching up a sausage:—Tom instantly laid hold of another—

But seeing Tom's had more gristle in it—

She signed the capitulation—and Tom sealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

C H A P. VIII.

ALL womankind, continued Trim, (commenting upon his story) from the highest to the lowest, an' please your honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they choose to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying as we do with our artillery in the field, by raising or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark.—

—I like the comparison, said my uncle Toby, better than the thing itself—

—Because your honour, quoth the corporal, loves glory, more than pleasure.

I hope, Trim, answered my uncle Toby, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world and particularly that branch of it which we have practised together in our bowling-green, has no object but to shorten the strides of AMBITION, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the *few*, from the plunderings of the *many*——whenever that drum beats in our ears, I trust, corporal, we shall neither of us want so much hu-

manity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle Toby faced about, and marched firmly as at the head of his company—and the faithful corporal, shouldering his stick, and striking his hand upon his coat-skirt as he took his first step—marched close behind him down the avenue.

—Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother—by all that's strange, they are besieging Mrs. Wadman in form, and are marching round her house to mark out the lines of circumvallation.

I dare say, quoth my mother—But stop, dear Sir—for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion—and what my father did say upon it—with her replies and his rejoinders, shall be read, perused, paraphrased, commented and descanted upon—or to say it all in a word, shall be thumb'd over by Posterity in a chapter apart——I say, by Posterity—and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moses, or the Tale of a Tub, that

it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.—

—Heaven have mercy upon us both!

C H A P. IX.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation—I would not give a groat.

C H A P. X.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twisted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden

wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach horse: as this was directly opposite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's house, when my father came to it, he gave a look across; and seeing my uncle Toby and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turn'd about—
“Let us just stop a moment, quoth my father, and see with what ceremonies my brother Toby and his man Trim, make their first entry—it will not detain us, added my father, a single minute.”—No matter, if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

—It will not detain us half a one; said my father.

The corporal was just then setting in with the story of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the story went on—and on—it had episodes in it—it came back, and went on—and on again; there was no end of it—the reader found it very long—

—G—help my father! he pish'd fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the corporal's stick, with all its flourishings and dangles, to as many devils as chose to accept of them.

When issues of events like these my fa-

ther is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to see it out.

Curiosity governs the *first moment*; and the second moment is all oeconomy to justify the expence of the first—and for the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth moments; and so on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of Honour.

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have assigned this all to Patience; but that VIRTUE methinks, has extent of dominion sufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few dismantled castles which Honour has left him upon the earth.

My father stood it out as well as he could with these three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's story; and from thence to the end of my uncle Toby's panegyric upon arms in the chapter following it; when seeing, that instead of marching up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about and marched down the avenue diametrically opposite to his expectation—he broke

out at once with that little subacid fore-
ness of humour, which, in certain situa-
tions, distinguished his character from that
of all other men.

C H A P. XI.

NOW what can their two noddles be
about? cried my father - - etc. - - -

I dare say, said my mother, they are
making fortifications—

—Not on Mrs. Wadman's premises,
cried my father, stepping back—

I suppose not, quoth my mother.

I wish, said my father, raising his voice,
the whole science of fortification at the
devil, with all its trumpery of saps, mines,
blinds, gabions, fausse-brays and cuvet-
tes—

They are foolish things—said my mo-
ther.

Now she had a way, which by the by,
I would this moment give away my purple
jerkin, and my yellow slippers into the
bargain, if some of your reverences would
imitate—and that was never to refuse her
assent and consent to any proposition my

father laid before her, merely because she did not understand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art, upon which the tenet or proposition rolled. She contented herself with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promised for her—but no more; and so would go on using a hard word twenty years together—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenses, without giving herself any trouble to inquire about it.

This was an eternal source of misery to my father, and broke the neck, at the first setting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the most petulant contradiction—the few which survived were the better for the *cuvettes*—

—“They are foolish things;” said my mother.

—Particularly the *cuvettes*, replied my father.

’Twas enough—he tasted the sweet of triumph—and went on.

—Not that they are, properly speaking, Mrs. Wadman’s premises, said my father, partly correcting himself—because she is but tenant for life—

—That makes a great difference—said my mother—

—In a fool's head, replied my father—

Unless she should happen to have a child—said my mother—

—But she must persuade my brother Toby first to get her one—

—To be sure, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother.

—Though if it comes to persuasion—said my father—Lord have mercy upon them.

Amen: said my mother, *piano*.

Amen: cried my father, *fortissime*.

Amen: said my mother again—but with such a sighing cadence of personal pity at the end of it, as discomfited every fibre about my father—he instantly took out his almanac; but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full answer to one half of his business with it—and my mother telling him it was a sacrament day—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part—He put his almanac into his pocket.

The first Lord of the Treasury thinking of *ways and means*, could not have re-

turned home, with a more embarrassed look.

C H A P. XH.

UPON looking back from the end of the last chapter, and surveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is necessary, that upon this page and the five following, a good quantity of heterogenous matter be inserted, to keep up that just balance betwixt wisdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a single year: nor is it a poor creeping digression (which but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the King's highway) which will do the business—no; if it is to be a digression, it must be a good frisky one, and upon a frisky subject too, where neither the horse or his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raising powers suitable to the nature of the service: FANCY is capricious—WIT must not be searched for—and PLEASANTRY (good-natured flut as she is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

—The best way for a man, is to say his prayers—

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghostly as bodily—for that purpose, he will find himself rather worse after he has said them than before—for other purposes, better.

For my own part there is not a way either moral or mechanical under heaven that I could think of, which I have not taken with myself in this case: sometimes by addressing myself directly to the soul herself, and arguing the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties—

—I never could make them an inch the wider—

Then by changing my system, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, soberness and chastity: These are good, quoth I, in themselves—they are good, absolutely;—they are good, relatively;—they are good for happiness in this world—they are good for happiness in the next—

In short, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were

good for nothing, but to leave the soul just as heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage, but then that sniveling virtue of meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again, so you are exactly where you started.

Now in all common and ordinary cases, there is nothing which I have found to answer so well as this—

—Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logic, and that I am not blinded by self-love, there must be something of true genius about me, merely upon this symptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it public; willing that all mankind should write as well as myself.

—Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

C H A P. XIII.

NOW in ordinary cases, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rise

heavily and pass grumous through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-line out of it *for my soul*; so must be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unless something be done—

I never stand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of snuff or a stride or two across the room will not do the business for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without farther ceremony except that of first lathering my beard, I shave it off, taking care only if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: this done, I change my shirt—put on a better coat—send for my last wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger; and in a word, dress myself from one end to the other of me, after my best fashion.

Now the devil in hell must be in it, if this does not do: for consider, Sir, as every man chooses to be present at the shaving of his own beard (though there is

no rule without an exception) and unavoidably sits over against himself the whole time it is doing, in case he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.—

—I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risk of being quite shaved away, might be carried up by continual shavings, to the highest pitch of sublimity—How Homer could write with so long a beard, I don't know—and as it makes against my hypothesis, I as little care—But let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair of the body (*ἐξωτερικὴ πρόαξις*) as he calls it—but he is deceived: the soul and body are joint sharers in every thing they get: A man cannot dress, but his ideas get clothed at the same time; and if he dresses like a gentleman, every one of them stands presented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—so that he has nothing to do, but take his pen, and write like himself.

For this cause, when your honours and

reverences would know whether I write clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Laundress's bill as my book: there was one single month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one and thirty shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abus'd, curs'd, criticis'd and confounded, and had more mystic heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of that year put together.

—But their honours and reverences had not seen my *bills*.

C H A P. XIV.

AS I never had the intention of beginning the Digression, I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the fifteenth chapter—I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper—I have twenty this moment ready for it—I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it—

Or my chapter of *Pisces*, which should follow them—

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in case their

reverences have done with them—they might lead me into mischief: the safest way is to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing, though I declare beforehand I know no more than my heels how to answer them.

And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind of *therfitical* satire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and by the by, whoever says so, is indebted to the muster-master general of the Grecian army, for suffering the name of so ugly and foul-mouthed a man as Therfites to continue upon his roll—for it has furnished him with an epithet)—in these productions he will urge, all the personal washings and scrubblings upon earth do a sinking genius no sort of good—but just the contrary, inasmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he succeeds in it.

To this, I have no other answer—at least ready—but that the Archbishop of Benevento wrote his *nasty* Romance of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waistcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance set him

of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as severe as it was look'd upon by one part of the world, was far from being deem'd so by the other, upon the single account of that *Investment*.

Another objection, to all this remedy, is its want of universality; forasmuch as the shaving part of it, upon which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law of nature excludes one half of the species entirely from its use: all I can say is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, must e'en go without it—

As for the Spanish ladies—I am in no sort of distress—

C H A P. XV.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at last; and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of “How our pleasures slip from under us in this world!”

For in talking of my digression—I declare before heaven I have made it! What a strange creature is mortal man! said she.

’Tis very true, said I—but it were better

to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my uncle Toby.

C H A P. XVI.

WHEN my uncle Toby and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about and marched straight up to Mrs. Wadman's door.

I warrant your honour, said the corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand, as he passed him in order to give a knock at the door—My uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: the truth was he had not altogether marshaled his ideas; he wish'd for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up three steps before the door—he hemmed twice—a portion of my uncle Toby's most modest spirits fled, at each expulsion, towards the corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. Bridget stood perdue within, with

her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

Trim! said my uncle Toby—but as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My uncle Toby perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knocked on the head by it—whistled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XVII.

AS Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as perchance your honour's tailor—I might have taken my example something nearer home; for I owe mine some five-and-twenty pounds at least, and wonder at the man's patience—

—But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a cursed thing to be in debt; and there seems to be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor princes, particularly those of our house, which no Economy

can bind down in irons: for my own part, I'm persuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or small upon earth, more desirous in his heart of keeping straight with the world than I am—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea—or walk with boots—or cheapen tooth-picks—or lay out a shilling upon a band-box the year round; and for the six months I'm in the country, I'm upon so small a scale, that with all the good temper in the world I outdo Rousseau, a bar length—for I keep neither man or boy, or horse, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a Vestal (to keep my fire in) and who has generally as bad an appetite as myself—but if you think this makes a philosopher of me—I would not, my good people! give a rush for your judgments.

True philosophy—but there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle Toby is whistling Lillabullero.

—Let us go into the house.

C H A P. XVIII.

C H A P. XIX.

C H A P. XX.

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— You shall see the very place, Madam; said my uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman blush'd — — look'd towards the door — turn'd pale — blush'd slightly again — — recovered her natural colour — blush'd worse than ever; which, for the sake of the unlearned reader I translate thus —

“L—d! I cannot look at it— —

“What would the world say, if I looked at it?”

“I should drop down, if I looked at it—

“I wish I could look at it—

“There can be no sin in looking at it.

— — “I will look at it.”

Whilst all this was running through Mrs. Wadman's imagination, my uncle Toby had risen from the sofa, and got to the other side of the parlour door, to give Trim an order about it in the passage—

* * * * *

I believe it is in the garret, said my uncle Toby—I saw it there, an' please your honour, this morning, answered Trim—Then prithee, step directly for it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and bring it into the parlour.

The corporal did not approve of the orders, but most cheerfully obey'd them. The first was not an act of his will—the second was; so he put on his Montero-cap, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and sat himself down again upon the sofa.

—You shall lay your finger upon the place—said my uncle Toby.—I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. Wadman to herself.

This requires a second translation:—it shews what little knowledge is got by mere words—we must go up to the first springs.

Now in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages, I must endeavour to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across your fore-

heads — blow your noses — cleanse your emunctories — sneeze my good people! — God bless you —

Now give me all the help you can.

C H A P. XXI.

AS there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes in her mind, which of all that number of ends, is hers: then by discourse, inquiry, argumentation, and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one—and if she has—then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, she farther forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impresses this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear the sex, will not suffer me to quote it—otherwise 'tis not destitute of humour.

“She first, saith Slawkenbergius, stops

the ass, and holding his halter in her left hand (lest he should get away) she trusts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier to search for it—For what?—you'll not know the sooner, quoth Slawkenbergius, for interrupting me—

“I have nothing, good Lady, but empty bottles!” says the ass.

“I'm loaded with tripes;” says the second.

—And thou art little better, quoth she to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hose and pantofles—and so to the fourth and fifth, going on one by one through the whole string, till coming to the ass which carries it, she turns the pannier upside down, looks at it—considers it—samples it—measures it—stretches it—wets it—dries it—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it—

—Of what? for the love of Christ!

I am determined, answered Slawkenbergius, that all the powers upon earth shall never wring that secret from my breast.

C H A P. XXII.

WE live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles—and so 'tis no matter—else it seems strange, that Nature, who makes every thing so well to answer its destination, and seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giving such forms and aptitudes to whatever passes through her hands, that whether she designs for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature she models, be it but an ass's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the same time should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay—or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking, by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty (you know) on one hand—or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other—or whether this great Artificer is not so attentive to the little Platonic exigencies of *that part* of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*—or that her Ladyship sometimes

scarce knows what sort of a husband will do—I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, or the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose—but rather against it; since with regard to my uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better: she had formed him of the best and kindliest clay—had tempered it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit—she had made him all gentle, generous, and humane——she had filled his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it, for the communication of the tenderest offices—she had moreover considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained—

And accordingly * * * * *

The DONATION was not defeated by my uncle Toby's wound.

Now this last article was somewhat apocryphal; and the Devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had

raised scruples in Mrs. Wadman's brain about it; and like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the same time, by turning my uncle Toby's Virtue there-upon into nothing but *empty bottles, tripes, trunk-hose, and pantofles.*

C H A P. XXIII.

MRS. Bridget had pawn'd all the little flock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon the most concessible *posulatum* in nature: namely, that whilst my uncle Toby was making love to her mistress, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her—
“*And I'll let him as much as he will,*” said Bridget, “*to get it out of him.*”

Friendship has two garments; an outer, and an under one. Bridget was serving her mistress's interests in the one—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other; so had as many stakes depending upon my uncle Toby's wound, as the Devil himself— —Mrs. Wadman

had but one—and as it possibly might be her last (without discouraging Mrs. Bridget, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have looked into his hand—there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had—with such an unmisstrusting ignorance of the *tenace*—and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same sofa with widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

C H A P. XXIV.

—AND the story too—if you please; for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had to offer to the world; yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the story for me that will—I see the difficulties of the descriptions I'm going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at least to me, that I lost some fourscore ounces of blood this week, in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I have still some hopes remaining, it may be more in the serous or globular parts of the blood, than in the subtle *aura* of the brain—be it which it will—an Invocation can do no hurt—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inspire or to inject me according as he sees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE Spirit of sweetest humour, who erst didst sit upon the easy pen of my beloved CERVANTES; Thou who glided'st daily through his lattice, and turned'st the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness by thy presence—tinged'st his little urn of water with heaven-sent Nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his master, didst cast thy mystic mantle o'er his wither'd * stump, and wide extended'st it to all the evils of his life——

* He lost his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

——Turn in hither, I beseech thee!—
behold these breeches!—they are all I have
in the world—that piteous rent was given
them at Lyons——

My shirts! see what a deadly schism has
happen'd amongst 'em—for the laps are
in Lombardy, and the rest of 'em here—
I never had but six, and a cunning gypsey
of a laundress at Milan cut me off the *fore-*
laps of five—To do her justice, she did
it with some consideration—for I was re-
turning *out of Italy*.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and
a pistol tinder-box which was moreover
filched from me at Sienna, and twice that
I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs, once
at Raddicoffini, and a second time at
Capua—I do not think a journey through
France and Italy, provided a man keeps
his temper all the way, so bad a thing
as some people would make you believe:
there must be *ups and downs*, or how the
deuce should we get into vallies where
Nature spreads so many tables of entertain-
ment—'Tis nonsense to imagine they will
lend you their voitures to be shaken to
pieces for nothing; and unless you pay

twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread? We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your suppers and bed—at the most they are but one shilling and nine pence halfpenny—who would embroil their philosophy for it? for heaven's and for your own sake, pay it—pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Disappointment* sitting drooping upon the eye of your fair Hostess and her Damsels in the gateway, at your departure—and besides, my dear Sir, you get a sisterly kiss of each of 'em worth a pound—at least I did—

—For my uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the most perfect state of bounty and good-will; and felt the kindest harmony vibrating within me, with every oscillation of the chaise alike; so that whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; every thing I saw, or had to do with, touch'd upon some secret spring either of sentiment or rapture.

—They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis Maria; said the postillion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulins—

—And who is *poor* Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her Banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they

were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her—

—God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, MARIA made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

MARIA look'd wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately—

—Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a Beast man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasan-

try in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scatter'd—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe, there was a reserve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up; and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

—What an excellent inn at Moulins!

C H A P. XXV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour—I stop it, by pulling off one of my yellow slippers and throwing it with all my violence, to the opposite side of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it—

—That whatever resemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may be now writing in it—that it was as casual as the foam of Zeuxis his horse: besides, I look upon a chapter which has, *only nothing in it*, with respect; and considering what worse things there are in the world—That it is no way a proper subject for satire—

—Why then was it left so? And here, without staying for my reply, shall I be called as many blockheads, numskulls, doddypoies, dunderheads, ninnyhammers, goosecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and sh—t-a-beds—and other unfavoury appel-

lations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lerne, cast in the teeth of King Garagantua's Shepherds—And I'll let them do it, as Bridget said, as much as they please; for how was it possible they should foresee the necessity I was under of writing the twenty fifth chapter of my book, before the eighteenth, etc.

—So I don't take it amiss—All I wish is, that it may be a lesson to the world, "*to let people tell their stories their own way.*"

The Eighteenth Chapter.

AS Mrs. Bridget open'd the door before the corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle Toby's introduction into the parlour, was so short, that Mrs. Wadman had but just time to get from behind the curtain—lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a step or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle Toby saluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were saluted by men in the year of your Lord God one thousand seven hundred and thir-

teen—then facing about, he marched up abreast with her to the sofa, and in three plain words—though not before he was sat down—nor after he was sat down—but as he was sitting down, told her “*he was in love*”—so that my uncle Toby strained himself more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down, upon a slit she had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment, that my uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and LOVE moreover of all others being a subject of which he was the least a master—When he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this system of my uncle Toby's, as he falsely called it, and would often say, that could his brother Toby to his procelle have added but a pipe of tobacco—he had where-withal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spanish proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle Toby never understood what my father meant: nor will I presume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under—but the French, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it, almost as much as the REAL PRESENCE, “*That talking of love is making it.*”

—I would as soon set about making a black pudding by the same receipt.

Let us go on: Mrs. Wadman sat in expectation my uncle Toby would do so, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on the one side or the other, generally becomes indecent: so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes, sub-blushing, as she did it—she took up the gauntlet—or the discourse (if you like it better) and communed with my uncle Toby, thus.

—The cares and disquietudes of the marriage state, quoth Mrs. Wadman, are very great. I suppose so, said my uncle Toby. And therefore when a person, continued Mrs. Wadman, is so much at his ease as you are—so happy, captain Shandy, in yourself, your friends, and your amuse-

ments—I wonder, what reasons can incline you to the state—

—They are written, quoth my uncle Toby, in the Common-Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to sail upon the gulph as she pleased.

—As for children, said Mrs. Wadman, — though a principal end perhaps of the institution, and the natural wish, I suppose, of every parent—yet do not we all find, they are certain sorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear Sir, to pay one for the heart-aches—what compensation for the many tender and disquieting apprehensions of a suffering and defenceless mother who brings them into life? I declare, said my uncle Toby, smit with pity, I know of none; unless it be the pleasure which it has pleased God—

—A fiddlestick! quoth she.

Chapter the nineteenth.

NOW there are such an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks,

and accents with which the word *fiddlestick* may be pronounced in all such causes as this, every one of 'em impressing a sense and meaning as different from the other as *dirt* from *cleanliness*—That Casuists (for it is an affair of conscience on that score) reckon up no less than fourteen thousand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the *fiddlestick*, which summoned up all my uncle Toby's modest blood into his cheeks—so feeling within himself that he had somehow or other got beyond his depth, he stopt short; and without entering farther either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her.

When my uncle Toby had said this, he did not care to say it again; so casting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear soul! upon a passage in it, of all others the most interesting to him—which was the siege of Jericho—he set himself to read it over—leaving his proposal of marriage, as he had done

his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an astringent or a loosener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buckthorn, or any one drug which nature had bestowed upon the world—in short, it worked not at all in her; and the cause of that was, that there was something working there before—Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire still in the subject—allons.

C H A P. XXVI.

IT is natural for a perfect stranger who is going from London to Edinburgh, to inquire before he sets out, how many miles to York; which is about the half way—nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and asks about the Corporation, etc.—

It was just as natural for Mrs. Wadman, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a Sciatica, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far she was likely to suffer more or

less in her feelings, in the one case than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's anatomy from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the brain, and borrowed * Graaf upon the bones and muscles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reason'd likewise from her own powers — laid down theorems — drawn consequences, and come to no conclusion.

To clear up all, she had twice asked Doctor Slop, "If poor captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound—?"

—He is recovered, Doctor Slop would say—

What quite?

—Quite: madam—

But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. Wadman would say.

Doctor Slop was the worst man alive at definitions; and so Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge: in short there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle Toby himself.

* This must be a mistake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatic juice, and the parts of generation.

There is an accent of humanity in an inquiry of this kind which lulls SUSPICION to rest—and I am half persuaded the serpent got pretty near it, in his discourse with Eve; for the propensity in the sex to be deceived could not be so great, that she should have boldness to hold chat with the devil, without it—But there is an accent of humanity—how shall I describe it?—’tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the inquirer a right to be as particular with it, as your body-surgeon.

“—Was it without remission?—

“—Was it more tolerable in bed?

“—Could he lie on both sides alike with it?

“Was he able to mount a horse?

“—Was motion bad for it?” *et caetera*, were so tenderly spoke to, and so directed towards my uncle Toby’s heart, that every item of them sunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themselves—but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my uncle Toby’s groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterescarp, and *pêle mêle* with

the Dutch to take the counterguard of St. Roche sword in hand — and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent—Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up—the springs of nature rose above their levels—an angel of mercy sat beside him on the sofa—his heart glow'd with fire—and had he been worth a thousand, he had lost every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, did you receive this sad blow?—In asking this question, Mrs. Wadman gave a slight glance towards the waistband of my uncle Toby's red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place—It fell out otherwise—for my uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicolas, in one of the traverses of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roche; he could at any time stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing

when the stone struck him: this struck instantly upon my uncle Toby's sensorium—and with it struck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur and its environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board by the corporal's aid, during his long illness—it had lain with other military lumber in the garret ever since, and accordingly the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My uncle Toby measured off thirty toises, with Mrs. Wadman's scissars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicolas; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddess of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas her shade—shook her head, and with a finger wavering across her eyes—forbid her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!—

—For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee—but my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an insult in disguise, and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress—let the chapter go to the devil; provided any damn'd critic in

keeping will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

C H A P. XXVII.

MY uncle Toby's Map is carried down into the kitchen.

C H A P. XXVIII.

—AND here is the Maes— —and this is the Sambre; said the corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget's shoulder—but not the shoulder next him—and this, said he, is the town of Namur—and this the citadel—and there lay the French—and here lay his honour and myself— —and in this cursed trench, Mrs. Bridget, quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which crush'd him so miserably, *here*—in pronouncing which he slightly press'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for—and let it fall.

We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been more in the middle—said Mrs. Bridget—

That would have undone us for ever—said the corporal.

—And left my poor mistress undone too—said Bridget.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiss.

Come — come — said Bridget — holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the

plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the least wart or protuberance—'Tis every syllable of it false, cried the corporal, before she had half finished the sentence—

I know it to be fact, said Bridget, from credible witnesses.

—Upon my honour, said the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing as he spoke with honest resentment—'tis a story, Mrs. Bridget, as false as hell—Not, said Bridget, interrupting him, that either I or my mistress care a half-penny about it, whether 'tis so or no—only that when one is married, one would choose to have such a thing by one at least—

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs. Bridget, that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the corporal instantly *

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C H A P. XXIX.

IT was like the momentary contest in the moist eye-lids of an April morning, "Whether Bridget should laugh or cry."

She snatch'd up a rolling pin—'twas ten to one, she had laugh'd—

She laid it down—she cried; and had one single tear of 'em but tasted of bitterness, full sorrowful would the corporal's heart have been that he had used the argument; but the corporal understood the sex a *quart major to a terce* at least, better than my uncle Toby, and accordingly he assailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner.

I know, Mrs. Bridget, said the corporal, giving her a most respectful kiss, that thou art good and modest by nature, and art withal so generous a girl in thyself, that if I know thee rightly, thou would'st not wound an insect, much less the honour of so gallant and worthy a soul as my master, wast thou sure to be made a countess of—but thou hast been set on, and deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a woman's case, "to please others more than themselves—"

Bridget's eyes poured down at the sensations the corporal excited.

— Tell me—tell me then, my dear Bridget, continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her side,—and giving a second kiss—whose suspicion has misled thee?

Bridget sobbed a sob or two—then opened her eyes—the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron—she then open'd her heart and told him all.

C H A P. XXX.

MY uncle Toby and the corporal had gone on separately with their operations the greatest part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been separated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My uncle Toby, on his side, had presented himself every afternoon, in his red and silver, and blue and gold alternately, and sustained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks—and so had nothing to communicate—

The corporal, on his side, in taking Bridget, by it had gain'd considerable advantages—and consequently had much to communicate—but what were these advantages—as well, as what was the manner by which he had seized them, required so nice a historian that the corporal durst not venture upon it; and as sensible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bareheaded and without laurels for ever, than torture his master's modesty for a single moment—

—Best of honest and gallant servants!—
But I have apostrophized thee, Trim! once before—and could I apotheosize thee also (that is to say) with good company—I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

C H A P. XXXI.

NOW my uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table; and was counting over to himself upon his fingers' ends, (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections one by one; and happening two or three times together,

either by omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himself sadly before he could get beyond his middle finger—Prithee, Trim! said he, taking up his pipe again,—bring me a pen and ink: Trim brought paper also.

Take a full sheet—Trim! said my uncle Toby, making a sign with his pipe at the same time to take a chair and sit down close by him at the table. The corporal obeyed—placed the paper directly before him—took a pen and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thousand virtues, Trim! said my uncle Toby—

Am I to set them down, an' please your honour? quoth the corporal.

—But they must be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle Toby; for of them all, Trim, that which wins me most, and which is a security for all the rest, is the compassionate turn and singular humanity of her character—I protest, added my uncle Toby, looking up, as he protested it, towards the top of the ceiling—That was I her brother, Trim, a thousand fold, she could not make more constant or more tender inquiries after my sufferings—though now no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle Toby's protestation, but by a short cough—he dipp'd the pen a second time into the inkhorn: and my uncle Toby pointing with the end of his pipe as close to the top of the sheet at the left-hand corner of it, as he could get it—the corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY thus.

Prithee, corporal, said my uncle Toby, as soon as Trim had done it—how often does Mrs. Bridget inquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou received'st at the battle of Landen?

She never, an' please your honour, inquires after it at all.

That, corporal, said my uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit—that shews the difference in the character of the mistress and the maid—had the fortune of war allotted the same mischance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have inquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times—She would have inquired, an' please your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin—The pain, Trim, is equal-

ly excruciating,—and compassion has as much to do with the one as the other—

—God bless your honour! cried the corporal—what has a woman's compassion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? Had your honour's been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; because, added the corporal, lowering his voice and speaking very distinctly, as he assigned his reason—

“The knee is such a distance from the main body—whereas the groin, your honour knows, is upon the very *curtain* of the *place*.”

My uncle Toby gave a long whistle—but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words he told the rest—

My uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been spun from the unravelings of a spider's web—

—Let us go to my brother Shandy's, said he.

C H A P. XXXII.

THERE will be just time, whilst my uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's to inform you, that Mrs. Wadman had, some moons before this, made a confidant of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress's secrets to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Susannah behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it, to make the least bustle about—but Susannah was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you could possibly have, in exporting a family secret; for she immediately imparted it by signs to Jonathan—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook sold it with some kitchen fat to the postillion for a groat, who truck'd it with the dairy-maid for something of about the same value—and though whispered in the hay-loft, Fame caught the notes with her brazen trumpet and sounded them upon the house-top—In a word, not an old woman in the village or five miles round,

who did not understand the difficulties of my uncle Toby's siege, and what were the secret articles which had delayed the surrender.—

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothesis, by which means neverman crucified TRUTH at the rate he did—had but just heard of the report as my uncle Toby set out: and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to Yorick, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by—not only, “That the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was lust;” but that every evil and disorder in the world of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of Adam, down to my uncle Toby's (inclusive), was owing one way or other to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled against the passion—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth—as soon as my uncle Toby

was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

C H A P. XXXIII.

— — **T**H A T provision should be made for continuing the race of so great, so exalted and godlike a Being as man—I am far from denying—but philosophy speaks freely of every thing; and therefore I still think and do maintain it to be a pity, that it should be done by means of a passion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wisdom, contemplations, and operations of the soul backwards— — a passion, my dear, continued my father, addressing himself to my mother, which couples and equals wise men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like satyrs and four-footed beasts than men.

I know it will be said, continued my father (availing himself of the prolepsis) that in itself, and simply taken— — like hunger, or thirst, or sleep— — 'tis an affair neither good or bad—or shameful or otherwise,—Why then did the delicacy

of Diogenes and Plato so recalcitrate against it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reason is it, that all the parts thereof—the congre^dredients—the preparations—the instruments, and whatever serve thereto, are so held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, translation, or periphrasis whatever?

—The act of killing and destroying a man, continued my father, raising his voice — — and turning to my uncle Toby, — you see, is glorious — and the weapons by which we do it are honourable — We march with them upon our shoulders — We strut with them by our sides — We gild them — We carve them — We inlay them — We enrich them — Nay, if it be but a scoundrel cannon, we cast an ornament upon the breech of it —

— My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet — — and Yorick was rising up to batter the whole hypothesis to pieces — —

— — When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The case was this:

My father, whether by ancient custom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a Bull for the service of the Parish, and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *pop-visit* to him one day or other the preceding summer—I say, one day or other,—because as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's house-maid——so one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore when Obadiah's wife was brought to bed—Obadiah thanked God—

—Now, said Obadiah, I shall have a calf; so Obadiah went daily to visit his cow.

She'll calve on Monday—on Tuesday—or Wednesday at farthest—

The cow did not calve—no—she'll not calve till next week—the cow put it off terribly——till at the end of the sixth week Obadiah's suspicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the parish being very large, my father's Bull, to speak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he

had, however, got himself somehow or other, thrust into employment—and as he went through the business with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

—Most of the townsmen, an' please your worship, quoth Obadiah, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault—

—But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

It never happens; said Doctor Slop, but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough—Prithee has the child hair upon his head?—added Doctor Slop--

—It is as hairy as I am; said Obadiah.
—Obadiah had not been shaved for three weeks. -- When -- u -- -- u -- -- -- -- cried my father, beginning the sentence with an exclamatory whistle—and so, brother Toby, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p—s'd, and might have done for Europa herself in purer times—had he but two legs less, might have been driven into Doctors commons and lost his character—which to a Town-Bull, brother Toby, is the very same thing as his life—

L—d! said my mother, what is all this story about?— —

—A COCK and a BULL, said Yorick— — And one of the best of its kind I ever heard.

End of the Ninth Volume.

FINIS.



L 7

Sterne

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